THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

APRIL, 1806.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE. *No. 4.*

Island of Nisida...lake of Agnano...grotto del Cane...baths of St. Germain.

The lake of Agnano is one of the objects which is pointed out to the curiosity of a stranger. It is about four miles from Naples. After passing the grotto, there is a house on the road side, where a guide is taken to conduct him to the lake, and the grotto del Cane. The man was instantly ready, and was bringing as usual a torch and a dog. The poor animal was meagre and feeble, and was unwillingly dragged along. I had no wish to see him tortured, and insisted upon his being released, and his actions seemed to me more expressive than words could have been. When the man let go the rope which was round his neck he did not immediately run away, but looked up at us and seemed to wonder how he had escaped his accustomed torture; he continued thus till we drove off, and then turned slowly round and returned to the house.

The guide got up behind the carriage and we soon turned off to the right. After passing for some time beautiful fields highly cultivated, we descended a hill and came in sight of the lake, surrounded by hills. It is a beautiful piece of water, about half a mile in circumference. There were various species of wild fowl sporting on its surface. They appeared to be conscious of the security they enjoyed, for they suffered me to come close to them without discomposing themselves. The surface of the lake is sometimes almost covered with them. It forms a part of the territory devoted to the hunting pleasures of the king, and no vulgar sportsman ever dares disturb the tranquillity of the place. As the king seldom hunts here, the birds live unmolested, and multiply continually. Nothing could be more picturesque than this lake surrounded by hills; its smooth surface was unruffled by the slightest breeze, the wild ducks were swimming and diving in perfect security; there were no houses to be seen, a few goats were reposing under the shade of some trees on one side, and except these there was nothing to interrupt this delicious solitude, which recalled to my mind the fabled tranquillity of the golden age.

On the side of one of these hills is situated the grotto del Cane. This is only a hole in the side of the hill, closed with a gate. It is

not capable of containing more than half a dozen people. The bottom is muddy, covered with a vapour, destructive to animal life. The guide prepares himself with two lighted torches to shew the effect; the moment that one of them is brought within a few inches of the bottom it is instantly extinguished. The vapour does not rise above a foot from the surface, and is confined to a part of the cave. The experiment of the torch is sufficient to exemplify the effects, but a number of dogs are kept to gratify the miserable curiosity of those who choose to see their sufferings. The animal, after being held a minute in the cave, is thrown into strong convulsions, and would soon expire if suffered to remain; but as his torture must be repeated to gratify the next traveller who comes, he is taken out before he is quite dead and thrown into the lake, where he soon recovers. From this effect upon dogs, the hole, for it is nothing else, receives its name.

A little distant from the grotto del Cane, and on the border of the lake, are the sweating baths of St. Germain. These are some low buildings constructed over crevices in the earth, through which hot sulphureous vapours arise, which are considered of great service in many disorders. The sick from some of the hospitals at Naples are occasionally brought here, and placed for some hours in these rooms. The walls and floors are covered with sulphur, nitre, deposited by the vapour in the most beautiful forms. The vapour is continually flying out in different places, and some of the rooms are so hot as to occasion immediate perspiration.

This circular valley, in the centre of which is situated the lake of Agnano, is without doubt the crater of an extinguished volcano. The appearance of the sides evidently denotes this, and these vapours are remnants of its ancient volcanick state. The æra must be very remote when this crater was in a burning state, as no record of it is found in history, and the sides of it are now covered with a fertile soil; and to effect this process, nature requires the aid of many centuries.

On my return from visiting the lake, as it was a fine afternoon, I did not return immediately to the city, but rode down to the shore, which is about two miles from the grotto. On the left was the promontory of Posilipo, and to the right the beach extends towards Pozzuoli. In front, and but a short distance from the shore, is the island of Nisida; this is a mere rock, of small circumference, rising almost perpendicularly out of the water; it contains a small fort. It is a place where vessels perform quarantine and unlade their cargoes, when they come from any country where contagious diseases prevail. The directors of the health office will not permit them to come within the mole of Naples, and they are obliged to remain here forty or sixty days, and sometimes for a longer period.

It is a pleasing ride from the beach to the grotto, and a common excursion in the afternoon. On returning through the grotto towards evening, if the servant is not provided with a torch, it is the custom to purchase at a house close by the entrance a little bunch of bark stripped from the grape vines, which burns long enough to light you through the grotto.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN. *No.* 6.

IN my last number, as may be remembered by a few, I admitted that gentlemen of the faculty are too fond of indulging in theoretical speculations. After remarking that all mankind were prone to the the same lazy habit, I stated some causes which particularly led physicians into it. The reasons there stated were founded upon a presumption that the Doctors knew the truth, but could not make it intelligible to others. But we are still more strongly induced to talk nonsense, when we are unable to make an explanation satisfactory to ourselves. For how shall we avow this to the patient, and thus authorize him to doubt our omniscience. Explain we must; and here again if others are satisfied with our sophistry, which they may easily be made to be, we are apt to feel contented with it likewise.

Let it not be supposed that I am making a precious confession of the ignorance of the faculty. Doubt not, gentle reader, that we are stored with science. But our knowledge is still progressive. We shall not for a century to come know what plants will spring up in a garden, when we know not what seed has been sown in it; nor shall we sooner than that be able to assign to every vegetable its true place by seeing its first germination, or by viewing a single leaf. The science of physicks is embarrassed by its relation to facts; it has not yet approached so near to pure intelligence as mathematicks.

Our patients lead us to adopt false doctrine not only by obliging us to talk, but also by hurrying us to act. We must do something, at least so the Doctors commonly think, or we shall be displaced, not by the more knowing, but by the more daring. Under such circumstances the medical man discovers that his reputation depends not so much on his real acquisitions, as evidenced in his practice, as upon keeping up a good face, and talking well.

But it is asked, what all this leads to? Must the patient detail his complaints and then receive his orders without any explanation of his situation, without any intimation of the importance of his disease, or of the probable course of it? Must no good lady follow the Doctor to the door to ask what he really thinks, and kindly to suggest her own remarks? I answer that I propose not such severe restrictions. If principles are straight lines, as practice is never governed by one principle alone, so the line of practice is variously inflected. The anxiety of the sick and their friends must be attended to, and even their curiosity gratified when it can easily be done. But if a physician is employed, in whom a proper confidence is reposed, he should be allowed his own time to form and to express his sentiments; or, at least, the patient and his friends should only give him occasional opportunities of making explanations, without imposing on him an absolute necessity of so doing. The physician at the same time should feel bound to state every thing within his knowledge, of which the communication can benefit the patient. C.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THOUGHTS ON TACITUS.

Nemora verò, et luci, et secretum ipsum, tantam mihi afferunt voluptatem, ut inter præcipuos carminum fructus numerem, quòd nec in strepitu . . . . . componuntur . . . . . . Tacitus Dial de Crat. 12.

But woods and groves and solitary places to me afford sensations of a pure delight. It is there I enjoy the pleasures of a poetick imagination; and among those pleasures it is not the least that they are pursued far from the noise and bustle of the world. Murphy's Trans.

THE silent recesses of poetry are the residence of pure hearts and cultivated minds. Folly and vice do not disturb by their intemperance or criminality the distant retreat of the poet; and leisure is always to be found for strengthening the foundations of piety, and invigorating the germinations of genius. Nature affords continual subjects for the experiments of fancy, and her admirer always delights to exercise his mind in such pleasant recreations. He is surrounded by scenes, which may gratify the fullest exuberance of imagination; and before him are scattered thousands of objects, which by some peculiar attribute give new incitement to the playsomeness of fancy. Remoteness from noise and dissipation is to the pure lover of poetry approximation to beauty and truth. As he has receded from vice, he has advanced towards purity; and if he has left the pomp and prodigality of a Roman metropolis, he lives in the coolness and greenness of the valley, communing with his own spirit, or conversing with those illustrious intelligences, who are immortal in their writings. Secedit animus in loca pura atque innocentia, fruiturque sedibus sacris. "Free from those distractions, the poet retires to scenes of solitude, where peace and innocence reside. In those haunts of contemplation, he has his pleasing visions. He treads on consecrated ground."

Tacitus, in the Dialogus de Oratoribus, has in the person of Maternus described in finished composition the beauties and the charms of poetry. He has exhibited them in the strength of truth and in the elegance of fiction; and he has added new power to his picture by contrasting them with the disgust and deformity of the practice of law and publick declamation. This however was not the particular object of Tacitus. It only serves as a most beautiful introduction to the general subject to be afterwards fully discussed, the causes of corrupt eloquence. We are indeed highly indebted to the Roman historian for such a dialogue, and perhaps we ought not to regret, that he has discoursed more upon oratory, than poetry. Yet Tacitus might have entered farther into the description of the elegance of verse and the felicity of the poet. He might also have opposed the serenity of silence and the attractions of retreat to other causes of disquietude, than the perplexity of law and the tumults of eloquence. An orator, whose heart is bursting with ambition, and whose cheek is bloated with declamation, and a lawyer besieged with complaining clients and tormented with con-

tradictory statements and testimony, are indeed far removed from the tranquillity and cheerful devotion of the worshipper of nature ; but the avaricious merchant, the wily speculator, and the idle gentleman are also the fit subjects for the experiments of spleen and the tortures of disappointment. The miserable beings, who haunt the publick and private places of dissipation, like thin ghosts of departed reality, are far from the sweet complacency of rural scenery and the endless delights of varying nature. Look at the sad countenances of some, and remark the malignant joyfulness of others, who are occupied in schemes, in folly, in riot, in nonsense, and wickedness,...and then wonder at their wishes and pursuits. With such beings the poet has no sympathy. He hates their melancholy and their turbulence. He flies from their contact, as the traveller from a storm, and is glad that he knows their folly only by instinctive aversion ; and he rejoices that the silent contagion of their complaints never affects the salubrity of his groves, and that he hears their triumphs and huzzas only by the gentle undulations of distant noise, which softly flow to his retreat. If from necessity he is sometimes obliged to be present at scenes, which his poetry and purity reject, he sighs for his clear sky or shady woodwalk, and exclaims in the language of Maternus, Me verò dulces, ut Virgilius ait, Musæ, remotum a sollicitudinibus, et curis, et necessitate quotidie aliquid contra animum faciendi in illa sacra illosque fontes ferant. " But, as Virgil sweetly sings, me let the sacred Muses lead to their soft retreats, their living fountains and melodious groves, where I may dwell, remote from care, master of myself, and under no necessity of doing every day what my heart condemns."

No one will deny the felicity of the poet thus situated, for his cherished recess is far from the tumults and strife of the world, and yet if inclination prompt, he may taste in full luxuriance the various blessings of society. Virgil sometimes left his retreat and honoured the capital of the world with his presence ; he was welcomed at the banquets of Augustus, and at the theatre he received the applauses of the Roman people. Testes Augusti epistolæ, testes ipse populus, qui auditis in theatro versibus Virgilii, surrexit universus, et fortè præsentem spectantemque Virgilium veneratus es, sic quasi Augustum. " To prove this, the letters of Augustus are still extant ; and the people, we know, hearing in the theatre some verses of Virgil, when he himself was present, rose in a body and paid him every mark of homage, with a degree of veneration, nothing short of what they usually offered to the emperour." Yet such scenes were not congenial to the purity and elevation of his mind. He rather loved his green shades and sequestered walks ; he admired loneliness and cool tranquillity, where the heart may find utterance for devotion, and poetry may soften the passions to mellowness.

Rura mihi et riqui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem silvasque inglorias.....
.....O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ ! GEOR. 2. 485.

Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell
By gushing founts, wild wood, and shadowy dell !
Hide me, some God, where Hæmus' vales extend
And boundless shade and solitude defend. SOTHEBY.

In his villa near Naples, Virgil enjoyed all the quiet and silence he loved. He was tired of the brawls and civil contentions, which had so long agitated the Roman commonwealth. Poetry he adored, and with the fullest inspiration of the Muses he composed his Georgics and part of the Æneid in the pleasantness of retirement. He there loved to muse on the mellowness of the landscape, to study the curious economy of his bees, and to revel in the ransack of Troy, and luxuriate in the future splendour of Iulus. Such was the lovely mind of the poet, that, though he was equal to the most dignified elevation in heroick poetry, he continually adverts to nature and her analogies. We accompany Æneas to hell with sublime feelings, and with great interest are we present at his combat with Turnus, yet how do we love to linger on the tranquil inlet, retreating from the boisterous ocean on the African shore ; and is it not most pleasant, like Melibæus, to talk of liberty and rural life with fortunate old Tityrus, recubans sub tegmine fagi. Study the biography of Virgil, read his Eclogues and Georgics, and you will find how much his mind was devoted to the poetry of nature and its consequent felicity. He is continually delighted with the fruits of his own farm, the shady beech, the curling vines, the hour of evening, the high rock, the young sheep, and the wood-pigeon. With such scenes and objects before him, his fancy was fertile and his pictures were true. His reflections and remarks are perfectly correspondent. They have all the beauty of truth and all the loveliness of morals. It seems as if the purity and innocence of nature were fitted necessarily to excite feelings of goodness and sentiments of piety. Virgil, from his single objects or his landscapes, loves to glide gently into morals ; the tale is told, and the application is known ; the picture is completed, and its virtue is irresistible ; the poet has instructed like a preacher, and the preacher has charmed like a poet.

Such sublime effects were partly owing to his retirement from the nonsense and business of the world. He fled from the stupid admiration of the crowd, and the incessant din of parasites and fools, to the tranquillity of his villa and the pure musick of nature. Here he passed his hours as his verses have celebrated, and enjoyed such felicity as Maternus has eulogized, Ac ne fortunam quidem vatum, et illud felix contubernium, comparare timuerim cum inquietâ et anxiâ oratorum vitâ : licet illos certamina et pericula sua ad consulatus evexerint, malo securum et secretum Virgilii secessum, in quo tamen neque apud divum Augustum gratiâ caruit, neque apud populum Romanum notitiâ. " If we now consider the happy condition of the true poet, and that easy commerce in which he passes his time, need we fear to compare his situation with that of the boasted orator, who leads a life of anxiety, oppressed by business and overwhelmed with care ? But it is said, his contention, his toil, and danger, are steps to the consulship. How much more eligible was the soft retreat in which Virgil passed his days, beloved by the prince, and honoured by the people !"

QUINTILIAN.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SILVA. No. 14.

"Si cui fortè nonnunquam tempus voluptasque erit lucubratiunculas istas cognoscere, petitum impetratumque volumus ; ut in legendo, quæ pridem scierint, non aspernentur quasi nota invulgataque : nam et quid tam remotum in litteris est, quin id tamen compluscule sciant ?"

A. Gellius, Præf. in Noct. Att.

MODERN SCHOLARS.

THERE is hardly a surer mark of the degeneracy of modern literature, than the inordinate attention which is now paid to bibliography. The knowledge of title pages has succeeded to the knowledge of subjects, and to ascertain the year of an *editio princeps* is now thought of as much importance and divides the learned as seriously, as to settle the true year of the birth of Christ. *Scire ubi aliquid posses invenire, magna pars eruditionis est ;* but to know *where* a thing may be found is very consistent with ignorance of *what* may be found there. It is well worth inquiry whether the innumerable literary journals of the present age have promoted the cause of real learning. Certain it is, that the race of laborious scholars is nearly extinct. Bochart may perhaps be said to have been revived in Bryant ; Walton and Castell in Kennicott, Bentley in Wakefield, and more than one scholar of the old school in Sir William Jones. But these men are now dead ! Where now are the universal scholars, who can boast of being the legitimate successors of Selden, Grotius, Le Clerc, Vossius, and Bayle ? What wonderfully crowded and comprehensive minds ! Alas, we are hardly competent to the republication of their works. Damnosa quid non imminuit dies !

DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

If I understand Dr. Johnson's remarks on this subject, in his life of Waller, he means only to say that the private exercises of a pious mind are not susceptible of a poetical dress, because if they are expressed at all they must be expressed in language, which has been appropriated to passions less sacred. Hence most of the sacred poetry of Dr. Watts may, by the occasional substitution of the names of mortal beauties, be converted into love songs and canzonettas. But when Johnson goes on to say, that the "enlargement of our comprehension, or the elevation of our fancy is rarely to be hoped from metrical devotion, because whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being," surely he must have forgotten the sacred poetry of David, and the sublime prayer of Habakkuk, which you cannot read without breathing short with rapture. "Omnipotence, he says, cannot be exalted." True ; but its operations may be described, and our conceptions be made to approximate toward what we can never fully embrace. "Infinity cannot be amplified." Neither can it be in strictness comprehended ; but the mind may be filled with illustrations of a subject which it cannot completely grasp. "Perfection cannot be improved." But it may be contemplated, and admired, and this is all which devo-

tional poetry aims at accomplishing. Surely the morning hymn of Adam and Eve in Milton, Thomson's hymn on the seasons, and the devotional pieces of Mrs. Barbauld are sufficient to rescue English verse from the censure of Johnson, when he says, "that all attempts to animate devotion by pious poetry have miscarried." The true reason of these miscarriages I suspect is this; that the finest poets have not been the most devotional christians, or the greatest saints have not been the best poets.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

It is curious to observe what confusion, uncertainty, and contradiction involve one of our most noted literary anecdotes. Who has not heard the famous story of the student at one of the English universities, who was required to write a theme upon the miracle at Cana, and having delayed his task till he was in danger of being punished for his negligence, rescued himself by the following impromptu.

The modest water saw its God and blushed.

The truth is, that this is a literal version of the last line of a latin epigram of Crashaw, the first collection of whose poems was published in 1646. The line alluded to is the following.

Lympha pudica Deum vidit & erubuit.

This very epigram was afterwards translated by Aaron Hill, one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and passed for an original.

When Christ at Cana's feast by power divine
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in reddening tide it gush'd
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blushed.

DR. AIKIN.

It was said by Aikin of the late Dr. Enfield, that he was perfect master of what may be called the *middle style*. If any living author may claim the honour of succeeding to this character it is Aikin himself. His "letters to his son" should be in the hands of every young man, upon his entrance into the world, in preference to Little's poems; and his "letters to a young lady upon a course of English poetry" are worth at least as much as any bonnet in Cornhill. There is a chasteness of sentiment, a susceptibility of poetical beauty, a coolness of decision, and a liberality of mind discovered in every line of this engaging writer, which show the influence of literature on a mind, which perhaps bears no very original stamp, but is solid enough to take a polish, and pure enough to reflect rays of genius, and of taste.

PORT FOLIO.

The editor of this work deserves the thanks of his countrymen for his perseverance in the ungrateful task of disciplining the taste of a money-getting age. I will venture to say that the literary history of modern times does not furnish a more honourable instance of a miscellany devoted exclusively to elegant literature, and relying for support on the intellectual sympathy and lettered generosity of a people, whose literary exports are so few, and so unprofitable, and who will long find, I fear, that the balance of trade is against them. We were glad to see this popular work assume at the beginning of the year a more graceful and convenient costume. If it would retain the admiration of the elegantium formarum spectatores,

let it exhibit no wanton airs, no wicked looks, no Cyprian gestures. *Mille habet ornatus ;* let us be always authorized to add, *mille decenter habet.*

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BISHOP OF ALERIA.

I WAS long puzzled to know who was the bishop of Aleria, mentioned in Johnson's preface to Shakespeare, as the father of conjectural criticism. I have since found that his name was John Andrew, that he was secretary of the Vatican library, and was employed, at the first introduction of printing into Rome, in revising manuscripts, writing prefaces and dedications, and correcting proofs. Pope Paul II. appointed him to the bishoprick of Aleria in the island of Corsica, where he died in the year 1493. "The republick of letters is indebted to him for an edition of Livy and of Aulus Gellius, printed at Rome, in folio, 1469 ; of Herodotus in 1475 ; and of Strabo, printed at Venice, in folio, in 1472 ; he also edited the epistles of Cyprian, and the works of St. Leo."

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PUNNING EPIGRAM.

THE following epigram was written by Sannazarius, upon the erection of two bridges over the Seine, by Jucundus or Giocondo, who was afterwards joined with Raphael and San Gallo, after the death of Bramante, in superintending the erection of St. Peter's. The point cannot be preserved in English.

Jucundus geminos fecit tibi, Sequana, pontes :
Jure tuum potes hunc dicere *pontificem*.

ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS IN ITALY.

Collected in a tour through that country in 1803, by M. Fernow.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE lateness of the season and other circumstances obliged me to use greater expedition on my return through Italy, than I had intended. I have not, therefore, been able to make all the inquiries I wished into the state of the literature and the arts in upper Italy. The few notices which I shall now communicate compose my whole collection.

I know not whether you have heard of the new *Academia Italiana.* It has existed about two years, and has this peculiarity, that it has no fixed place of residence. Its members, among whom are the most celebrated *literati* in every department of science, and many of the first artists, are dispersed throughout all Italy. It has likewise foreign associates in France, England, and Germany, whose number was at first fixed at forty, but which is now intended to be augmented to an hundred. The present president of the Academy is Count Vargas, who is known to the publick by his *Saggio sull' Epigramma Greco*, and other literary labours. He now resides at Naples. I called, at Siena, upon the secretary, Sachetti, who carries on the correspondence of the Academy, and superintends the publication of its Transactions, in order to inquire more minutely into the constitution and objects of this

society, which, a short time previous to my departure from Rome, did me the honour to elect me a member.

I spent two days at Siena, and was employed the greatest part of that time in viewing the Sienese school, with which I had before but an imperfect acquaintance. Its finest master-pieces have fortunately been preserved from the tempest of the revolution, probably because in France this school is less known than it deserves to be. I saw in the churches a great number of exquisite pictures by Balthasar, Peruzzi, Sodena, Casolani, and others, which, in colouring and expression, far excel the works of the Florentine school, of the same period. The mannerists of this school, however, begin with Beccasumi, and Vanni, and, since their time, it has furnished no productions of merit. I could not procure a sight of the celebrated Madona, painted, in 1221, by Guido di Siena, which enabled the Sienese to dispute with the Florentines the merit of their Cimabue in the restoration of painting; for the church of St. Domenico, where it formerly hung, was destroyed by the late earthquake, and the pictures have been removed from it to a place to which I could not obtain admittance. The paintings executed by Pinturicchio, and by Rafael d'Urbino in his early youth, which are placed in the library adjoining the cathedral, were much more interesting to me than the floor of the latter figured by Beccafumi. If with these productions you compare those of Pinturicchio's pencil alone, the superiority of Rafael's genius immediately appears. The galleries of Spannocchi and Saracirvi are likewise worthy of notice; they contain many good pieces by Sienese masters, together with some capital productions of other schools.

At Leghorn I was most curious to see the library of Gaetano Poggiali, a man of letters, and the proprietor himself. He is a member of the Academy of Florence, and one of the most zealous *Cruscanti*. He is solely occupied in endeavouring to add to the reputation of the literature of his native country, by editions of classick works, combining elegance with the utmost correctness. For this purpose he devotes two days in the week to the collation of manuscripts and early editions, for which he has four assistants. Poggiali's library, which contains 10,000 volumes, is unrivalled by any in Italy, as well in the ancient and rare editions of Italian authors, as in those which are more modern and elegant. There is not a book in it which is not distinguished either by its rarity or correctness, or by some other typographical excellence. How little it wants of being complete, appears from the catalogue of the books which are still wanting, and whose number amounts to about 800. He besides possesses a considerable collection of manuscripts, which, with the early editions, occupy another apartment; among these, he shewed me, as the most precious article in the collection, a manuscript copy of Dante, on parchment, which he considers as one of the most ancient, and probably contemporary with the author. Poggiali has a design of printing this work, which contains a great number of passages that vary considerably from the ordinary versions, and would clear up many obscurities in Dante, together with the marginal commentary with which it is accompanied.

Poggiali's bibliographick knowledge, acquired in thirty years spent in collection and study, is as *unique* as his library. He mentioned that he had some idea of publishing, at one time or other, a bibliography of Italian literature. Poggiali, in conjunction with four other members of the Academy of Florence, has, for several years, been collecting materials for a new edition of the great *Dizioniario della Crusca*, and he shewed me a whole chest full of papers, which contained spoils taken, for that purpose, from a multitude of authors both ancient and modern. He himself was unable to say when this new edition would appear. The present state of affairs in Italy is too unfavourable to large and expensive publications, but he thinks that the want of such a work, which is universally experienced, would procure a considerable demand for it. The *Parnasso Italiona*, which appeared at Leghorn, twelve years ago, in fifty pocket volumes ; the collection of the *Novellieri Italiani*, in twenty five volumes octavo, and the works of Machiavelli, in 6 volumes octavo, besides many other works of ancient Italian authors, very elegantly printed at the same place, were edited by Poggiali, and are regarded as the most correct editions. With respect to Machiavelli, who is his favourite author, he told me, that he intended to publish another splendid edition, inferiour in no respect to Didot's or Bodoni's, and then he could die happy.

The impression produced by the cathedral of Siena, together with the *Battisterio* and the hanging tower, situated in a remote and solitary spot, where you scarcely meet a human creature, is singular and striking. The spectator imagines himself transported into another age, or into a country of the East. The deception was heightened by the unexpected sight of a train of ten or twelve loaded camels, which passed just at the moment, when we were leaving the cathedral to go to the Battisterio. About a league from Siena a colony of these animals has been established, where they propagate, and are employed in carrying burdens. In the cathedral of Siena, among the multitude of large pictures which decorate the walls, I found only one good piece, by Perin del Vaga ; all the rest are scarcely worth looking at.

The printing-establishment of the Typographical Society of Pisa is a recent, but apparently a successful institution. The works printed at it are distinguished by the beauty of the letters, the goodness of the paper, and the correctness of the impression. As a proof I need only mention the new edition of Cesarotti's Works, of which nine volumes were printed when I was at Pisa. The tenth will contain the Academick Discourses of the author, which were never before published. Rosina, a man of letters, who conducts this establishment, gave me the first sheets of the volume. The discourses are written with great eloquence as well as elegance, Among the living authors of Italy, Cesarotti is, without dispute, one of those who possess the greatest talents and the most polished taste. The Society has announced splendid folio editions of the four first classick poets of Italy, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso. The number of subscribers was complete, but they had not yet commenced printing. I, however, saw a proof-sheet of Dante, with whose

works they begin. The paper and impression were very beautiful, but the form appeared rather too long in proportion to the breadth. The collection will form twelve volumes, each of which will cost three sequins (about 1*l.* 10*s.* English,) and the works of each author will be accompanied with his portrait, engraved by Morghen. It is now the fashion to print the name of each subscriber on the title of his copy, and that method will be followed with this work. The Society likewise prints a literary journal, which seldom pronounces any opinion where it cannot praise, and merely inserts a notice or extracts. The greatest part of the works of which it treats are foreign, and principally French ; the literature of France being now exclusively cultivated in Italy. The native productions are so few, that a journal, devoted only to Italian literature, could scarcely be supported, especially if it were obliged to appear regularly at stated periods.

At Florence I could not stop longer than four days ; and what are four days in a city which, next to Rome, contains the most numerous and the most precious treasures of the arts, and where four months would scarcely be sufficient to survey, with proper attention, all that is worthy of notice ? I immediately relinquished the idea of seeing every thing, and confined myself to the most capital works and the first-rate artists residing in that city. The Palazzo Pitti is now scarcely worth the trouble of going to see it. The French carried off between sixty and seventy pictures, and among them all the good pieces it contained. In the Gallery I missed not a single article, either statue or picture, excepting the Venus de Medici. The two statues of the family of Niobe (the second daughter and the son, who lies dead and extended on the ground,) together with other pieces which had been removed to Palermo, had recently been brought back, and, to my great joy, I found them in their former places. The statuary, Santarelli, a native of Rome, who had resided, for the last ten years, at Florence, is one of the ablest artists in his line. He likewise imbosses portraits in wax, and his success in taking likenesses procured him abundance of employment during the war. He has likewise much talent for mechanicks. At the house of Fabre, a pupil of David's school, who obtained some distinction in the last exhibition of the Academy of Rome, before the death of Basseville, and has, since that period, constantly resided at Florence, I saw an historical picture, the subject of which is taken from Alfieri's Tragedy of Saul, and represents a vision of that king, tormented by his evil conscience. It would be difficult to discover the subject, without some explanation ; but the artist, in excuse of himself, says, that he chose this circumstance at the particular desire of Alfieri, who had much more talent for the composition of a tragedy, than of a picture. I never observed in any modern painter such a perfect execution of all the parts, such a masterly disposition of the colours ; and in the mechanical part of his profession Fabre is indisputably as accomplished an artist as can possibly exist. The plan and ground of the picture, which comprise a good deal of landscape, are so exquisitely beautiful with regard to the disposition, colours, and proportions, that, excepting Reinhart, I know no landscape-painter

who could excel it. The same commendation may be given to all the other subordinate parts of the piece, but does not apply to the principal object: for accuracy in the details, brilliancy in the colouring, and the highest degree of perfection in the execution, are not sufficient to form a good dramatick picture: and those are almost the only good qualities of this piece. The composition is patched, the action theatrical, the expression overcharged, and the style has the usual faults of the French school; the figures are invariably muscular, the drapery precisely folded into a thousand small plaits, and the light thrown upon the most brilliant colours, so that the eye has no repose, excepting in the landscape. The carnation resembles ivory, and the naked parts are daubed. The tone of the whole is much too glaring and lively for a grave subject. At the same artist's I saw several fine portraits, in which his great mechanical merit is ably displayed. Among these were the portraits of General Clarke, who commands at Florence, and of the Queen of Etruria, both striking likenesses. Fabre possesses a beautiful ancient portrait, which he attributes to Raphael, and six admirable landscapes, two by Caspar, two by Poussin, and two by Annibal Caracci, which are all in the highest preservation, and are alone a sufficient inducement to visit the artist. Another French painter, named Desmarez, likewise deserves the traveller's notice. He belongs also to the French school, but a greater contrast cannot exist than between him and Fabre, and it is interesting to see the former immediately after the latter. Fabre has neither invention nor fire; his whole art is mechanical, and he aims only at neatness and perfection, with which he charms the eye of the amateur. Desmarez possesses the talent of invention, fire, and energy; he is partial to grave, pathetick, and tragick scenes, and his colouring is suitable to the gravity of his subjects, but it is rude, inaccurate, inharmonious, and rather repulsive than agreeable to the eye. He has more talent than art. If both agree in any point, it is in that which they derive from their common school; in the theatrical disposition and overcharged expression of the postures and attitudes, in which consists the real essence of the French school, and, perhaps, generally of the French manner of considering nature. Desmarez, however, incontestably possesses a genius for dramatick painting, and a creative imagination, of which Fabre is destitute; only it is a pity that he has been spoiled by his school. All the compositions I saw at his house, consisting principally of small sketches, painted in oil, were of tragick subjects; for instance, the death of Lucretia, the death of Virginia, the death of Cæsar, &c. a dying Cato, as large as life, tearing his bowels out of his body, is a truly horrible figure, which he executed for Lord Bristol, and had almost completed; but as that eccentrick Mæcenas of the arts is now dead, he will scarcely find another customer for it. This the artist himself apprehended when I brought him the unexpected account of his Lordship's death from Rome. It was late before Desmarez embraced the profession. The revolution, which has otherwise been so prejudicial to the arts, brought them, in him, a worthy pupil. Before the revolution he was secretary to the French embassy at Stockholm, and practised

at his leisure for his own amusement; but when he lost that post, he devoted himself to the art with such zeal and success, that he has arrived at this degree of perfection in the most difficult of its branches. He is still in the prime of life, so that probably his talents may not yet be completely developed. He lives entirely in his art, has a cultivated undertanding, gravity of character, and yet great vivacity in conversation. I should rather have taken this artist for an Italian than a Frenchman, and to me his acquaintance was extremely interesting. You may be sure I did not omit to visit our worthy countryman, Don Filippo Hackert. He does not indeed reside here, as he did at Naples, in a royal mansion, but he has handsome and spacious apartments in a palace; and the great number of his works, some just begun, others half finished or completed, proves him, notwithstanding his increasing age, to be the same active and industrious artist that he has been all his life. Through the immense multitude of pieces which he has continually in hand, his art has at length become purely mechanical. Hackert composes little; he has enjoyed the felicity of residing the best part of his life in a country, where nature is so highly picturesque that the artist may produce a fine picture by only copying the views, and filling up the fore-ground, not so much from his own invention as from studies after nature. Of this description are most of Hackert's pieces. To the poetry of the art he never attained. His landscapes are poetick only in the same degree as nature, which he copied, possessed a poetick character. His distances are in general fine, and have the genuine tone of an Italian climate. Almost all his middle grounds are now of a uniform bright green, and his fore-grounds of a pale bluish green colour, which not rarely destroys the harmony of the back-grounds. The figures commonly introduced into his pictures are the shepherds, shepherdesses, herdsmen, and cattle of those countries where he found his originals; but the ladies and gentlemen, with whom he was frequently obliged to decorate the landscapes which he painted at Naples for the king, are intolerable. Hackert was just employed upon three landscapes, destined for Weimer, all of which were about half finished. It was the latter end of July when I saw him, and yet he assured me that all three would be sent off to Weimer in September. Two of them, a View near Rome from the Villa Madama, over Pont Molle, of the Sabine Mountains, illuminated by the setting Sun; and another of Fiesole and the Vale of Arno, near Florence, are for the Duke of Weimer, and the third for an English gentleman residing in that town. Of the other numerous paintings of this artist, which I saw, I shall say nothing. A person can scarcely look at all Hackert's paintings in two hours; they fill two spacious rooms, and form a small gallery. The spectator would be induced to believe, that they are the productions ef several persons, though they are the labour of his hands alone. I cannot, however, deny, that Hackert's whole system has something of the air of a manufactory.

I should like to say a few words concerning the master-pieces of modern sculpture, the statues of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, in the Capella del Depositi, the architecture of which is the work of the same artist. But when a person

attempts to speak of the *chef d'œuvres* of the art, he feels that he ventures upon something that baffles description. I have seen these works at several times, and always with new, with increased admiration, and with reverence for that sublime genius by which they were created. All capital works of art possess the property, and it is a test of their excellence, that they give the more pleasure the oftener they are seen, and the more the essence of the art is in the mean time developed to the observer. His admiration continues to increase, the more intimate his acquaintance with them becomes. Such is likewise the case with the works of Michael Angelo. That fulness of character, so distinctly expressed, that colossal magnitude, that boldness and energy, those mighty forms and proportions, irresisibly seize the senses, and the imagination is strained to embrace the infinity of these productions. The spectator thinks he can never sufficiently impress these extraordinary performances on his fancy; he turns from one group to another, and, as if confined in a magick circle, he is unable to leave them. They are not figures copied from reality, or projected on its scanty proportions; they are not the ideal productions of a lively Grecian imagination, which drew down to the earth Olympus with all its immortal inhabitants; they are the pure originals of an original génius, which, soaring above reality, and despising imitation, combined the lofty spirit of the Sacred Writings and of Dante's Poems, with the rude, ungovernable energy of his age, and boldly transfused them into all his works, whose wild, imposing, and majestick grandeur, is only an impression of his own individuality. And it is exactly this which seems to augment the admiration of these works: you admire their magnitude, their original character; but you are astonished at the gigantick mind which could create such a world. No artist has displayed himself in his works with such truth, such strength, and such uniformity, as Michael Angelo. He every where appears the same, but only at different moments and periods of his life. Thus, for example, in the cieling of Sextus's chapel, he appears in the flower of his genius; in the Last Judgment he is a vigorous old man, full of profound experience and matured energy; but the blossom of his genius has faded, and you may perceive that his art grows old with him. Lastly, in his two pictures in the Pauline chapel, we view him, together with his art, in the weakness and decrepitude of hoary age. But while I am speaking of the artist, I run the risk of forgetting his works. I intended to say something concerning the Four Periods of the Day, and his figure of Giuliano de Medici (who, in the morning of life, was plunged into the gloomy empire of death,) which, for the living and speaking expression in the position and attitude, is inimitable. On the sarcophagus at his feet, lie the two exquisite figures, Aurora, and Crepusculo. The former shews that Michael Angelo was sensible to female beauty, and knew perfectly well how to express it; but beauty of a sublime, of a grave character. The charming face of Aurora is animated by an expression of melancholy, which imparts to it a moving interest. The body and limbs of this figure are exquisitely formed and disposed. In the bosom, however, Michael Angelo's

idea of female beauty does not appear founded on the most perfect model ; for in this figure, as well as in that of Night, the bosom is faulty ; the two hemispheres are placed at too great a distance, and their form is not handsome. But so much the more bold, powerful, and masculine is the broad chest of Crepusculo, who, as well as Day, is throughout of a gigantick, colossal nature, energetick, and wonderful, such as Michael Angelo alone knew how to create. I cannot say much in commendation of Night, though much celebrated by poets. Considered impartially, she is a huge caricature on woman, presenting disagreeable forms snd striking disproportions, whether you examine her unnaturally long, flat body, disfigured with folds and wrinkles ; or the leg, which is much too long for the thigh ; or the ugly bosom, or the ungraceful position ; in which last quality she is rivalled by Day, her companion on the same sarcophagus. Night has been praised because her sleep is so perfectly natural ; the expression of the face is certainly a true representation of a person in sound sleep ; but who sleeps in such a constrained posture ?* Next to the original magnitude of these figures, the manner in which they are executed demands the admiration of the connoisseur, and the study of the artist. The figures are not quite finished in many parts, and still cleave here and ....

there to the rude block of marble which serves for their basis ; but where they are finished, the chisel has been employed with wonderful ability. Michael Angelo knew not how to paint in marble like Canova, but how to sketch and to model with the chisel. All the parts on which the light falls, and which are exposed to the view, are finished in the highest degree, almost to a polish ; on the contrary, in those which recede into the shade, or are otherwise withdrawn from the view, the chisel is perceived without any farther polish. No neglect appears in the form, which is every where equally perfect and complete, but merely in the parts which are concealed ; this negligence however, evinces the genius of a master. This liberty taken by Michael Angelo with the mechanical portion of his art, this evident contempt for every thing superfluous (for whatever is not essential, and at most can only please the eye) gives to his execution that solemn grandeur and boldness, that lofty and haughty character, which are peculiar to his productions. But I must part from you, ye sublime creations of the sublimest genius, who sheds a lustre upon the age of modern art ; I must leave the sanctuary which incloses you, perhaps for ever. Adieu, ye noble forms ! never may the rude hands of barbarians drag you from your native home ! And thou sublime, divine genius ! drop a spark of thy fiery spirit into our enervated art, and inspire it anew with more solemn, more grand, and more manly conceptions.

To be continued.

* That these four figures are intended to represent the four times of the day,...Day and Night, Aurora and Twilight,...we are informed only by tradition ; and it should be observed, that, with the exception of Night, who is asleep, none of the figures have any characteristick to confirm such a supposition.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKER. *No.* 8.

....harmless mirth and salutary wo. JOHNSON.

IT is the opinion of some persons by no means deficient in good sense and respectability, that theatrical representations are injurious to the morals of a people. Imprest with this conviction they opposed the establishment of a theatre in this town, and now, in many instances, abstain from attending it.

Prejudices of this nature arise from a narrow education and ignorance of the world; since no civilized people ever existed, among whom the dramatick muse was not a distinguished favourite, whose smiles have been courted, and whose labours have been applauded by the best and wisest men of all nations.

It would be superfluous to recur to the sages of antiquity, and inform the reader, that Socrates and Cicero were in the habit of attending theatrical exhibitions, the latter of whom was bound by the closest ties of intimacy and affection to the celebrated Roscius. It might plausibly be objected, that these men, though virtuous and wise, were yet pagans, and consequently not obliged to lead the strict exemplary life which christianity requires. It ill becomes those, who have embraced the gospel, to encourage by their presence the idle amusements of a wicked world, and to sit listening for hours together, amidst a promiscuous crowd, to the studied humours and fictitious distresses of buffoons and mimicks. But if it can be shown, that the great teachers of christian morality, and defenders of christian doctrines, have not only attended, but *written* plays, it will follow, that theatres are by no means so dangerous as bigotry and ignorance apprehend. Addison, Young, and Johnson were not men, who would knowingly have encouraged immorality, or have lessened the influence of religion.

The first of these writers wrote in defence of revelation, and was not less distinguished by his piety than his literature. Since the invention of letters, no mortal author ever produced so wonderful an effect on the morals and manners of society. He brought philosophy from the libraries of the learned, and introduced her at the toilettes of ladies. During the publication of the Spectator, national improvement became visible, conversation took a more interesting and edifying turn, dulness and impertinence fled before the mighty magician, and even infidelity lost a portion of her audacity, and grew more modest and unassuming. Now this great sage not only attended plays, but in the immortal work alluded to, which was expressly written for the religious and moral improvement of a nation, frequently discusses theatrical subjects, and passes numerous encomiums on his contemporary dramatists. Nay, he wrote plays himself, and his tragedy of Cato, whilst it increased his reputation as a writer, in no respect diminished his authority as a moral and religious instructor.

Dr. Young was distinguished by a religious sensibility, which

bordered on enthusiasm. Yet christian and clergyman as he was, he thought it neither inconsistent with his profession, nor derogatory from his dignity, to write plays. His Revenge, one of the noblest productions in our language, will remain an everlasting monument of his genius, and will be read and acted as long as that language shall be understood.

If any man of the last century stands eminently high in his religious, moral, and literary character, that man is Dr. Samuel Johnson. This great moralist, notwithstanding the strictness of his principles, was fond of the drama, and was the intimate friend of David Garrick. He would probably have written many plays, had his Irene succeeded, but on the ill success of this piece turned his attention to other departments of literature.

Let none therefore, who do not surpass the moral and religious worth of Addison, Young, and Johnson, inveigh against the immoral tendency of dramatick exhibitions. The charge is not true at the present day, and were Jeremy Collier to rise from the grave, he might justly ridicule the insipidity, but could not truly arraign the morality of the modern drama. Unfounded censures of this nature ought to be confined to the monks of the cloister, or the fanaticks of the tabernacle. As Johnson expresses it in my motto, 'harmless mirth and salutary wo' are at present the innocent offspring of the theatre, and I have sometimes experienced as much edification from a good play as from a good sermon. But should the play chance to be some modern novelty, of no intrinsick worth, yet still I can derive much amusement from the talents of the more distinguished performers, the broad farce of Twaits, the chaster humour of Bernard, and the buskined dignity and electrifying energy of Cooper.

C.

THE SLAVE OF DISCONTENT.

Translated for the Anthology from La Decade.

We sometimes meet in the world those pleasant originals, whose part here below seems intended to serve only for the amusement and instruction of their fellow creatures. I have just made an acquaintance with a being of this nature. His history might fill volumes; but as I have neither the time nor inclination to write, I shall content myself with offering only a slight sketch of his character.

Giacomo Della Rocca was born in Italy on the banks of the Tiber, and not far distant from the most celebrated city in the universe. He was most uncommonly prone to be dissatisfied with every thing around him. At the age of twenty he made an examination of every different government, without being able to discover one to which he could accommodate himself. This throne was founded on the ruins of liberty, that was tottering to its fall; on a third was seated a vicious prince; in another monarchy, there were too many wise institutions; farther on, every thing seemed to him in disorder. In one republick riches only were es-

seemed; in another all was dissimulation; this was composed only of speculators; that of proud supercilious nobles: and as to all the others it was difficult to determine what they were. Though he had a choice, and though the forms of government were very various, yet S. Della Rocca, from these circumstances, was not more happy. Sole heir of an immense fortune, he was highly caressed by his parents, who, observing with anxiety the gloomy and discontented character of their son, proposed that he should travel.

But alas here was another embarrassment! what climate could find attractions for him who was born under the mild skies of Italy, in the bosom of that country, the nursery of the arts, on that fertile, favoured soil! He might indeed seek for other men in order to compare them with his fellow countrymen, to gain experience and knowledge of human nature; but to seek a country more blessed by the orb of day, more caressed by nature! .... this would be madness. No matter; it is the wish of S. Della Rocca to travel: it is indeed the only means of diverting his mind. His parents agree to it, and consent to the departure of their son.

To what country shall he go? This is not easy to decide upon. To England? There the weather is too cold, the atmosphere is thickened with fog; there they burn coal; the people are so independent, that they can insult you with impunity; in that country they live on flesh; a most horrible repast for S. Della Rocca. No, we will not go to England.

Shall we to the North? Then we should perish with cold. I will not hear of Scandinavia. Prussia is too military. In Germany there is too much ceremony. The ice of the North is melancholy and dangerous. The Helvetian is not polished enough. Batavia is a low, marshy country. The air of Brabant is damp, thick, and unhealthy. In Turkey the women are condemned to seclusion, or only permitted to appear veiled. Poland is a flat, uniform country, and S. Della Rocca loves variety. All that might have determined him for this last country is, that his mother possessed a great estate there. But interest was not his inducement for travelling, and in this respect all countries were indifferent to him. Assailed by a thousand desires, he sees only a tiresome uniformity in the happiness he enjoyed: a mild, temperate climate was necessary to Giacomo, where there was a variety of seasons; a land inhabited by amiable, lively, graceful, sensible women, and by men of an affability of manners, whose occupations were varied, and to whom the ennui of life was unknown. .... Behold then S. Della Rocca in the road to Paris.

However teeming with pleasures is this theatre of wonders, it is yet incompetent to fulfil the wishes of a madman, whose misfortune is an eternal desire of novelty. The women were not such as his imagination had painted them: there was to much assurance in their air; no modesty bowed down their heads; they possessed the talent of smiling, without the inclination; of being absent from design; of looking upon one object without perceiving it, only to contemplate another to which their eyes were not apparently directed; of listening, without hearing; of welcoming with kindness those, for whom they felt only disgust; one held negligently to her eye an opera glass, for which she had no need; an-

other supported the gaze of the beholder with an air of ignorance that she was the object of contemplation, and, in order to shew a delicate hand, knew how to remove a lock of hair which in no way incommoded her; in short, the eyes of this one would have appeared entirely lifeless, without the fire of voluptuousness, or the lightning of envy; and the red and white had replaced on her complexion the roses and lilies. He did not tell me under what aspect he beheld the men, or what he thought of them; all that I know is, that he soon embarked for America.

The war had just ceased, and the new world offered to the old a form of government which possibly might satisfy S. Della Rocca. But he carried also into this country his melancholy character.—Life appeared to him only a moment, tediously prolonged; the air was always too thick or too sharp; the foliage had not variety enough of shades; the morning was scarcely different from the evening, and one day constantly resembled another. Besides, they might have formed much better laws at Philadelphia; the people had not sufficiently profited by their lessons of experience; they ought to have better consulted the manners and relations of the state. As to the country, it was in vain that the striking beauties of an immense view, varied by the luxuriant hand of nature, offered themselves to his eye. It was not for him that bloomed the enamel of the meadows, that the birds warbled their songs of melody, that the flowers exhaled their perfumes, or the rivulets meandered through verdant plains.

I shall not follow our discontented friend through all his travels, and the reader will permit me to leave him to pay a visit, alone, to the East and West Indies, and to Africa, that he might there disapprove of whatever was done, blame all customs, all institutions, finding that the man of nature was too savage, and that civilized people were too far removed from nature.

After an absence of ten years, he returned to Europe; and arrived just at that period, when the division of Poland took place, three portions of which had been made without its consent. The estates of our traveller's mother, situated in a palatinate of the centre, were divided into three lots, and each of them confiscated; one by the empress of Russia, who was not enriched by it; another by the king of the Romans, who had no expectation of advantage from it; and the third by the king of Prussia, who rendered justice only to his ancient subjects. Here certainly was sufficient to offend a far more gentle disposition than that of S. Della Rocca. But, by an inconceivable contradiction, he was only moderately affected by it, and as he saw nothing more than an abuse of the generality of institutions, and being most singularly whimsical, he consoled himself by arguments that would have discouraged any other being but himself. "Had I to contend with but one crowned head," said he to himself, "I would hazard a few remonstrances; but to complain to three different princes, one of whom might send me into Siberia, another imprison me, and the third make me a proposition to enter his army....I find that either of these rewards is not worth the trouble that I should give myself in obtaining them."—Therefore he remained quiet.

This diminution of his fortune,

seemed to render him more reasonable. What was the cause of his reconciliation with mankind would have been for others a motive for renouncing all connexion with them. But he learns that the most powerful nation of the world has suddenly changed its government,and is desirous of giving itself new laws. Here is a fine opportunity for a visionary reformer of constitutions, in whose eyes all are bad or imperfect ! S. Della Rocca suffers it not to escape, and behold him anew in the capital of this regenerated people. He mingles among schemers, he examines, he approves, he comments, he adopts. But the work, in which he has been assisting, is soon replaced by some other. His labour commences anew : and this project has the fate of the first ; that is to say, it is adopted, overthrown, and replaced.

Whilst he mingled in what did not concern him, those things which ought to have occupied him were disposed of without his knowledge. To be brief, his large fortune is annihilated. The blow had been felt as far as his native country, and his estates no longer belonged to him in consequence of a measure,about which it had been forgotten to ask his advice.

The result of this event was very happy,because it obliged him to call into exercise his resources and his talents to gain a subsistence. He soon contracted the habit of employment, and this habit dissipated the ennui, which till then had overwhelmed him. Every moment being occupied, there remained no time for him to blame, or, like too many other idlers, to regulate the state.

Having followed all the periods of the revolution of the country that he inhabited, he had remarked that he had in no one of them discovered a single being contented with himself or with those around him. At first loud exclamations were uttered ; then,frozen by terror, all where hushed to silence, and driven to concealment : was there a change, they inveighed against it ; was it followed by another, they complained. At length order appeared on firm foundations, property was secured and respected, the adversary was deprived of the means of injuring, the inclination only remained to him. The fugitives were recalled, and the honest man retired to his evening's rest, without being tormented by the recollection of the past, or fear of the future. Very happily for S. Della Rocca, and without doubt for the people in the bosom of whom he lived, this new order of things coincided with his ideas. But what was his astonishment at the sight of these men, who had ardently desired the reestablishment of order, and of those, to whom it restored tranquillity ! Some shook their heads, others shrugged their shoulders, a third appeared to suppress something even while he approved, a fourth spoke mysteriously, and without explanation.

Impatient of these *ifs* and these *ands*, S. Della Rocca, having become a man of gallantry since he had inhabited a country famed for the reign of the fair sex, cultivated the society of the ladies. It was quite another thing ! The old found not the French of the present day sufficiently gallant ; the young complained of the reforms that were wished to be introduced among some very agreeable customs, that had come into vogue within the last seven or eight years.

S. Della Rocca finished by concluding, both from his experience and observations, that man was an animal very difficult to please; who, in the midst of real blessings, was always occupied about some imaginary good. Giacomo, judging by the spectacle before him how ridiculous he must himself have appeared at the time he was so continually censuring every thing around him, corrected himself of his follies; and thus the discontent of others has effectually cured his own.

J. D. MUSSET-PATHAY.

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

From Fellowes's Christian Philosophy.

Rousseau has been too often extolled as a philanthropist. Mr. Burke said of him, that he loved his kind and hated his kindred. The exposure of his children, by whatever sophistry it may be excused, is an indelible blot on his humanity; and invalidates all his pretensions to philanthropy. For, can that philanthropy be genuine, which is founded on the extinction of the parental affections; and which, with more than savage brutality, forsakes the poor innocents it brings into the world?

Every page of Rousseau glows with the captivations of that sentimental luxury, of which he is so great a master; and which he arrays in all the blandishments of eloquence. Hence the source of that admiration, which his writings have so universally excited.—Though his judgment, as a philosopher, was not profound; yet his tase was so exquisite, that he strews flowers in the most rugged way, and interests the passions and the fancy, in the investigation of the most abstract propositions. This is his great excellence.

In his new Eloise, the interest consists, not so much in the diversity or the combination of the incidents, as in the beauty of the sentiment, and the magick of the diction. The picture of Julia is highly finished; but it leaves on the mind more impressions of respect than of tenderness, of admiration than of love—At times she appears an heterogeneous mixture of apathy and passion, of prudence and of coquetry. In some situations she wants tenderness, in others firmness; and she is often less governed by the warm impulses of affection, than by the abstractions of philosophy.

His Emilius, though marked by the illuminating touches and the original conceptions of genius, yet, considered as a system, is more conspicuous for its singularity than its truth. It pourtrays a system of education, which, if it were universally adopted, would keep the human species in a state of permanency between light and darkness, between savage barbarity and civilized refinement. It would counteract the moral and physical improvement of man, the progress of knowledge, and the productiveness of industry.

Though Rousseau had little beneficence, yet his writings, breathing nothing but the reciprocal love and kindness and confidence of the Golden Age, contributed, by their wide diffusion and their enchanting eloquence, to render humanity fashionable; and they have, at least, this merit,—that no man can well rise from reading them, without feeling a higher respect for his species.

That extreme and febrile sen-

sibility, which was the characteristick peculiarity of Rousseau, while it proved the origin of many of his miseries, was, perhaps, a principal source of his greatness. It imparted a singular delicacy, freshness, and animation to every page of his writings. His feelings, in whatever channel they flowed, rushed on with a resistless impetuosity; but, in the end, they made a wreck of his understanding. His judgment was lost in the unremitting turbulence of his sensations; and in some intervals of insanity, he exhibited the melancholy prospect of genius crumbling into ruins.

The language of Rousseau was always a faithful mirror of what was passing in the heart; which now thrilled with rapture, and now raged with passion. Of his style, the peculiar characteristick is exuberance of imagery; profusion, without distinction of lustre. It often resembles a landscape, in which there is a great assemblage of beautiful forms, without any intermediate spots of barrenness; but without any objects of a striking and prominent grandeur; and, in the contemplation of which, the eye is, at last, satiated by the uniformity. Yet, highly coloured as is the eloquence of Rousseau, I believe that the generality of readers would peruse his works with less relish, if they were less adorned. And it must be confessed, that the ornaments, with which they are embellished, are not the frippery and patchwork of a paltry artist, but the rich copiousness of an highly saturated imagination; and they often possess a charm, of which even the apathy of the coldest critick can hardly be insensible to the fascination. He who wishes to perfect himself in those delicacies of language or curious felicities of phraseology, which impress a palpable form, a living entity on the fleeting tints and sensations of the heart, should carefully analyse the genius of the style of Rousseau; should search into the causes, from which result the beauty and splendour of his combinations; and endeavour to extract from an attentive perusal of the Eloise and the Emilius, a portion of that taste by which they were inspired.

DR. PARR'S CHARACTER OF DR. JORTIN.

As to Jortin, whether I look back to his verse, to his prose, to his critical or to his theological works, there are few authors to whom I am so much indebted for rational entertainment or for solid instruction. Learned he was, without pedantry. He was ingenious, without the affectation of singularity. He was a lover of truth, without hovering over the gloomy abyss of skepticism, and a friend to free-inquiry, without roving into the dreary and pathless wilds of latitudinarianism. He had a heart which never disgraced the powers of his understanding. With a lively imagination, an elegant taste, and a judgment most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a schoolboy. Wit without ill nature, and sense without effort, he could, at will, scatter upon every subject; and in every book, the writer presents us with a near and distinct view of the real man.

His style, though inartificial, is sometimes elevated: though familiar, it is never mean; and the

employed upon various topicks of theology, ethicks, and criticism, it is not arrayed in any delusive reremblance, either of solemnity, from fanatical cant,...of profoundness, from scholastick jargon,...of precision, from the crabbed formalities of cloudy philologists,...or of refinement, from the technical babble of frivolous connoisseurs.

At the shadowy and fleeting reputation, which is sometimes gained by the petty frolicks of literary vanity, or the mischievous struggles of controversial rage, Jortin never grasped. Truth, which some men are ambitious of seizing by surprize in the trackless and dark recess, he was content to overtake in the broad and beaten path: And in the pursuit of it, if he does not excite our astonishment by the rapidity of his strides, he, at least, secures our confidence by the firmness of his step. To the examination of positions advanced by other men, he always brought a mind, which neither prepossession had seduced, nor malevolence polluted. He imposed not his own conjectures as infallible and irresistible truths, nor endeavoured to give an air of importance to trifles, by dogmatical vehemence. He could support his more serious opinions, without the versatility of a sophist, the fierceness of a disputant, or the impertinence of a buffoon.... more than this....he could *relinquish or correct* them with the calm and steady dignity of a writer, who, while he yielded something to the arguments of his antagonists, was conscious of retaining enough to command their respect. He had too much discernment to confound difference of opinion with malignity or dulness, and too much candour to insult, where he could not persuade. Though his sensibilities were neither coarse nor sluggish, he yet was exempt from those fickle humours, those rankling jealousies, and that restless waywardness, which men of the brightest talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him, into every station in which he was placed, and every subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an inferiour, though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal with, or without, the sacred name of friend. The importance of commendation, as well to him who bestows, as to him who claims it, he estimated not only with justice, but with delicacy, and therefore he neither wantonly lavished it, nor withheld it austerely. But invective he neither provoked nor feared; and, as to the severities of contempt, he reserved them for occasions where alone they *could* be employed with propriety, and where, by *himself*, they always *were* employed with effect....for the chastisement of arrogant dunces, of censorious sciolists, of intolerant bigots in every sect, and unprincipled impostors in every profession. Distinguished in various forms of literary composition, engaged in various duties of his ecclesiastical profession, and blessed with a long and honourable life, he nobly exemplified that rare and illustrious virtue of charity, which Leland, in his reply to the letter-writer, thus eloquently describes. "CHARITY never misrepresents; never ascribes obnoxious principles or mistaken opinions to an opponent, which he himself disavows; is not so earnest in refuting, as to fancy positions never asserted, and to extend its censure to opinions, which *will perhaps* be delivered. Charity is utterly averse to *sneering*, the most despicable species of ridicule,

that most despicable subterfuge of an impotent objector. Charity never supposes, that all sense and knowledge are confined to a particular circle, to a district, or to a country : Charity never condemns and embraces principles in the same breath ; never *professes* to confute, what it *acknowledges* to be just, never presumes to bear down an adversary with confident assertions ; charity does not call dissent insolence, or the want of implicit submission a want of common respect."

The esteem, the affection, the reverence which I feel for so profound a scholar, and so honest a man, as Dr. Jortin, make me wholly indifferent to the praise and censure of those, who vilify, without reading, his writings, or read them, without finding some incentive to study, some proficiency in knowledge, or some improvement in virtue.

POETRY.

For the Anthology.

VERSES ON SPRING.

AGAIN the strength of Winter fails,
His ruffian forces disappear,
And now the downy-pinion'd gales
Loose from his grasp the youthful year.

Returning Spring with timid eye,
Her virgin bosom cold with dew,
Bids her attendant graces fly,
And nature's faded charms renew.

Again, amid the darkening grove,
Is heard the vernal voice of joy,
Again the magick powers of love
Their softly winning arts employ.

With merry heart, and cheerful song
The ploughman treads the blackening field,
Delighted as he moves along
To count what future harvests yield.

Th' impatient sailor leaves the shore,
Adventuring on the watery waste,
Undaunted hears the surges' roar
And fearless braves the howling blast.

Yes, spring returns ; but wanting now
The joys which earlier years have known,
The sunny smile, the unclouded brow,
Which marked the Spring of Life, have flown.

H******, April 11, 1806.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young lady, but extremely lean.

By Swift.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay :
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial-article decrease,
And, vext to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry ;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court ;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed ;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau :
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twisted snakes ;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd
(Like toupets of this upper world),
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell ;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind ;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat ;

His coat, an usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-case.
. . . . . .

Thus furnished out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The "faculty," his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match,
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His "majesty of terrors" came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps;
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain.

Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks;
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft' a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

For the Anthology.

VERSION OF THE 8TH CHAPTER OF SOLOMON'S SONG.

OH that thou wert like him who drew
Life from the same maternal breast,
No crimson should my cheek imbue,
When I thy lips in secret prest.

Home I'd persuade thee to return,
With me domestick bliss to prove,
Where from my mother I would learn
To keep thee, all the lore of love.

Thy lip should rich delicious wine,
My own pomgranate vintage, taste;
On thy left hand my head recline,
And thy right arm enfold my waist.

When such a heaven of bliss we share,
Should sleep exhausted nature seize,
Maids of Jerusalem, forbear
To wake my love until he please.

What stranger from the wilderness
Comes leaning on her love? the maid
Whom once I rais'd with chaste caress
Beneath the citron's spreading shade.

Within that consecrated grove
Thy parent first embrac'd her child,
There first the pledge of virtuous love
Gaz'd on her mother's face and smil'd.

Set me a signet on thine arm,
And on thy heart my image lay,
The spell would drive, with potent charm,
The fiend of Jealousy away.

The cruel fiend, greedy as death,
No art can soothe, no flattery tame;
Whose eyes are burning coals, whose breath
A scorching, all devouring flame.

Love ever clear and constant burns,
No floods can quench his heavenly light;
No wealth corrupt him, for he spurns
The sordid miscreant from his sight.

Our little sister sweet and fair,
Her bosom like the infant rose,
Waits till the gentle vernal air
Swell the soft buds, and they unclose.

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

Chloe new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then it's plain for what she look'd before.

WALSH.

PARALLELS.

How beautiful is night!

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd; now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphirs: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON.

....

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

POPE'S HOMER.

....

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, no little cloud
Breaks the whole serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory the majestick moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girded with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

SOUTHEY.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

By Dr. Johnson.

(Poſt Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.)

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæſus opellæ,
Vile indignatus ſtudium, nugaſque moleſtas,
Ingemit exoſus, ſcribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, ſublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora ſequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
Geſſerat et quicquid virtus, ſapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo ſeclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere ſibi turba ſcholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quiſque ſuum norit modulum; tibi prime, virorum
Ut ſtudiis ſperem, aut auſim par eſſe querelis,
Non mihi ſorte datum; lenti ſeu ſanguinis obſint
Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuiſſe veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te ſterili functum cura, vocumque ſalebris
Tuto eluctatum ſpatiis ſapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra diſcordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum ſonatore magiſtrum.
Me, penſi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Deſidiæ ſors dura manet, graviorque labore
Triſtis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Naſcuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala ſomnia mentis.
Nunc clamoſa juvant nocturnæ gaudia menſæ,
Nunc loca ſola placent; fruſtra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuenſque dici.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia luſtro,
Si qua uſquam pateat melioris ſemita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipſe mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Fectus et ingenium vano ſe robore jactans.
Ingenium niſi materiem doctrina miniſtrat,
Ceſſat inops rerum, ut torpet, ſi marmoris abſit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recenſens
Conſpicit aggeſtas, et ſe miratur in illis,
Nec ſibi de gaza præſans quod poſtulat uſus
Summus adeſſe jubet celſa dominator ab arce;
Non operum ſerie ſeriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut ſumit honores
Ipſe ſui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed ſua regna videns, loca nocte ſilentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ ſpecies, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam? tenebriſne pigram damnare ſenectam
Reſtat? an accingar ſtudiis gravioribus audax?
Aut hoc, ſi nimium eſt, tandem nova lexica poſcam?

TRANSLATION.

From Murphy's Life of Johnſon.

KNOW YOURSELF.

(After reviſing and enlarging the Engliſh Lexicon, or Dictionary.)

WHEN Scaliger, whole years of labour paſt,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at laſt,
And weary of his taſk, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabrick riſe,
He curs'd the induſtry, inertly ſtrong,
In creeping toil that could perſiſt ſo long,
And if, enrag'd he cried, Heav'n meant to ſhed
Its keeneſt vengeance on the guilty head,

The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write Lexicons in endleſs woe.*

Yes, you had cauſe, great Genius, to repent;
"You loſt good days that might be better ſpent;
You well might grudge the hours of ling'ring pain,
And view your learned labours with diſdain.
To you were giv'n the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius, and the taſte refin'd.
'Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to ſoar,
And amidſt rolling worlds the Great Firſt Cauſe explore;
To fix the æras of recorded time,
And live in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime;
Record the chiefs, who propt their country's cauſe;
Who founded empires, and eſtabliſh'd laws;
To learn whate'er the ſage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the muſe of moral wiſdom taught.
Theſe were your quarry; theſe to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.

Yet warn'd by me, ye pigmy wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example ſtrike my view,
Oh! not for me his footſteps to purſue.
Whether firſt nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the ſlow current, loit'ring at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart;
Whate'er the cauſe, from me no numbers flow,
No viſions warm me, and no raptures glow.

A mind like Scaliger's, ſuperiour ſtill,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill.
Though for the maze of words his native ſkies
He ſeem'd to quit, 'twas but again to riſe;
To mount once more to the bright ſource of day,
And view the wonders of th' ætherial way.
The love of fame his gen'rous boſom fir'd;
Each ſcience hail'd him, and each muſe inſpir'd.
For him the ſons of learning trim'd the bays,
And nations grew harmonious in his praiſe.

My taſk perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has fortune now in ſtore?
The liſtleſs will ſucceeds, that worſt diſeaſe,
The rack of indolence, the ſluggiſh eaſe.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I ſeek at midnight clubs, the ſocial band;
But midnight clubs, where wit with noiſe conſpires,
Where Comus revels, and where wine inſpires,
Delight no more: I ſeek my lonely bed,
And call on ſleep to ſoothe my languid head.
But ſleep from theſe ſad lids flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhauſted, tir'd, I throw my eyes around,
To find ſome vacant ſpot on claſſick ground;
And ſoon, vain hope! I form a grand deſign;
Languor ſucceeds, and all my pow'rs decline.

...

* See Scaliger's epigram on the ſame ſubject, communicated, without doubt, by Dr. Johnſon, Gent. Mag. 1748, p. 8.

If ſcience open not her richeſt vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged ſtone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies;
With nature then no breathing ſtatue vies.

Whate'er I plan, I feel my pow'rs confin'd
By fortune's frown and penury of mind.
I boaſt no knowledge glean'd with toil and ſtrife,
That bright reward of a well-acted life.
I view myſelf, while reaſon's feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While paſſions, error, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions fill the dark domain;
A dreary void, where fears with grief combin'd
Waſte all within, and deſolate the mind.

What then remains? Muſt I in ſlow decline
To mute inglorious eaſe old age reſign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breaſt,
Attempt ſome arduous taſk? Or, were it beſt
Brooding o'er Lexicons to paſs the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away?

For the Anthology.

WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

WET with the tears, which evening weeps,
The closing flower conceals her breast,
Secure the vernal warbler ſleeps,
The voice of love and joy ſuppreſt.

Ere long ſhall night aſſume her ſway,
Reposing nature on her arm
Blot the laſt purple flush of day,
Diſſolve the twilight's lingering charm.

And thus the tranſient joys of life
Fade on Attention's ſober eye,
Till vext no more with various ſtrife
‡Man learns to ſlumber or to die.

H******, April, 1806.

...

‡ And learn with equal eaſe, to ſleep or die.
Maſon.

SONG.

DORINDA's ſparkling wit and eyes,
United, caſt too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the ſight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and ſoft his pace;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

DORSET.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For *APRIL*, 1806.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur quam qui maxime laudari merentur.——Pliny.

ARTICLE 1.

[Concluded.]

Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Vol. I. 1805. 4to. pp. 564.

PART II. PHYSICAL PAPERS.

I. Observations upon an hypothesis for solving the phenomena of light, with incidental observations, tending to shew the heterogeneousness of light, and of the electrick fluid, by their intermixture, or union, with each other. By James Bowdoin, Esquire, President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin observed, that he was much in the dark about light. And it must be acknowledged, that, notwithstanding the great progress we have made in opticks, many difficulties still remain relative to the nature of light, or the manner in which vision is produced. It is well known, that modern philosophers have proposed two hypotheses for the purpose of explaining this point. In one, adopted by Huygens, Euler, and some others, an extremely subtile, elastick fluid is supposed to penetrate all bodies, and to fill all space; and vibrations, being excited in it by the action of luminous bodies, are propagated to the eye, and produce in that organ the sensation of vision in the same manner, as pulsations of air produce in the organ of hearing the sensation of sound. According to the other hypothesis, maintained by Sir Isaac Newton and others, light consists of particles of matter, extremely minute, which being projected or thrown off from luminous bodies in every direction by a repulsive force, and reflected by opaque bodies, produce the sensation of vision by impulse on the eye.

The hypothesis, on which the author of this Memoir remarks, is contained in some queries, proposed by Dr Franklin, and is *in substance* the same as the former of the two preceding; to which the observations may be considered as objections, or arguments in favor of the other.

In one part of the reasoning in form of queries relative to the production of light in various instances by motion, on supposition that the hypothesis of vibration is true, more seems to be assumed than is granted in the hypothesis. It does not appear to be inferable from Dr. Franklin's statement, nor from any other, that we recollect to have seen, that *every kind* and *degree* of motion in the elastick fluid is supposed or admitted to be productive of the sensation of vision; nor does this seem to be a necessary consequence. In the theory of sound, though the vibratory agency of the air is clearly ascertained, yet it is not supposed that *every kind* and *degree* of motion in the air produces the sensation of sound.

The author's ideas respecting the heterogeneousness of light and

of the electrick fluid may be well learned from the following extract, it being noted, that he uses fire in it as synomimous with light.

"Electricity and fire differ in many respects, and in some they agree; as hath been shewn in Dr. *Franklin's* letters on electricity. So far as they agree in their effects, their nature may be presumed to be alike: or rather, from that agreement and similitude of effects, I think it may be inferred, that they are mixt with, and generally do accompany each other; and that each produces its own effect at the time of their joint operation. The effects of electricity, similar to those of fire, being produced by the fire mixt with it; and the effects of fire, resembling those of electricity, being produced by the electricity mixt with that: the compound taking its name from the predominant principle."

Is it not more probable that *one* fluid, operating in different modes and circumstances, produces those different effects?

II. Observations on light, and the waste of matter in the sun and fixt stars, occasioned by the constant efflux of light from them; with a conjecture, proposed by way of query, and suggesting a mean, by which their several systems might be preserved from the disorder and final ruin, to which they seem liable by that waste of matter, and by the law of gravitation. By James Bowdoin, Esquire, President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Dr. Franklin had made some objections to the Newtonian doctrine of light on the ground, that there most consequently be a momentum or force in the particles of light, and a waste in the matter of the sun, which do not accord with experience and observation. Mr. Bowdoin endeavours to remove these objections. Accordingly the "Observations on Light" in the former part are calculated to show, that the inference relative to the motion or momentum of light is not just, and of course the objection, raised on it, unfounded. In the other part, after some good observations on the waste of matter in the sun by emission of light, the hypothesis is introduced, which is announced with so much modesty and caution in the title. The author, apparently well apprized of the difficulty of supporting it with evidence, merely proposes it as a query, or subject of consideration. That wonderful phenomenon, the ring of Saturn, which appears to the planet like a vast, surrounding, luminous arch, suggested the idea of conjecturing that a hollow sphere or orb might encompass the several systems, which compose the visible heavens. This surrounding orb is supposed to be fitted by its structure, and the properties of gravity, repulsion of light, &c. with which it is furnished to stop the rays of light, reflect them to the source, whence they emanated, and thus prevent loss or waste of any matter within it, and preserve the magnitude of the sun and stars; and also to serve as a counterbalance to the mutual gravities of the systems and bodies, inclosed by it, thus contributing to the preservation of their relative distances, and the prolongation of their regular motions.

The following remark shows, that the author was not insensible to the weight of objections. "To this hypothesis objections may be made, and such as might prove it to be, like many an one which has

preceded it, a mere philosophical reverie."

III. Observations tending to prove, by phænomena and scripture, the existence of an orb, which surrounds the whole visible, material system; and which may be necessary to preserve it from the ruin, to which, without such a counterbalance, it seems liable by that universal principle in matter, gravitation. By James Bowdoin, Esq. President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In this Memoir is adduced the evidence, on which the author depends to support his hypothesis of an all-surrounding orb.

"The evidence is—phœnomena and scripture.

"The phœnomena are—the luminous girdle in the blue expanse, called the Milky Way; other luminous appearances in it; and the expanse itself."

With respect to the Milky Way, objection is made to the opinion, that its appearance is occasioned by the blended light of stars; and it is observed, "the phœnomenon strikes us, as it may be supposed, such a luminous girdle would strike, if its light were reflected from the concave surface of a far distant orb; to which, on the hypothesis assumed, it had been propelled from the numerous systems which the orb enfolds."

Quotations are given from Ferguson and Smith, containing some observations on the milky way, and descriptions of some whitish spots or luminous appearances in the heavens. And it is observed, "From these phœnomena it seems not improbable, that the Milky Way, and those lucid spots, are parts of a concave body or orb, of the same nature with some of the other heavenly bodies; and whose light transmitted to us, exhibits those phœnomena, according to the laws and circumstances, which regulate it."

Sir Isaac Newton's explanation of "the blue concave expanse, which surrounds, and appears to limit visible nature," is considered as unsatisfactory. The opinion relatively to this phœnomenon, entertained by this author, and his ground for supporting it, may be seen in the following extract.

"Nature is simple and uniform in its operations. From the same cause follow like effects; and these indicate the same cause. Bodies of every kind, through the medium of light, produce their respective phœnomena, and these demonstrate the reality of those bodies.

"From these principles we infer the reality of those terrestrial bodies, which, by reason of their situation and distance, can only be the objects of sight: and from the same principles we also infer the reality of the heavenly bodies, the planets, and fixed stars. If this last inference be just, is it not equally just to infer, from the same principles, the reality of the blue circumambient expanse: that is, that it is a real concave body, encompassing all visible nature?"

After the statement of such evidence in favour of an orb surrounding the visible universe, as seems to him to be deducible from natural phœnomena, farther light is sought in the sacred scriptures. His own words express his sentiments on the propriety of recurring to this source of information.

"In regard to the subject in hand, there seems to be a happy coincidence between phœnomena and scripture; and therefore in further evidence of such an orb, and in evidence of several other orbs similar, and concentrick to it,

we may recur to scripture: several passages of which appear applicable to that purpose.

"It seldom happens that natural philosophy is made to borrow assistance from thence: but though scripture may not be intended to instruct us in the philosophy of material nature, it may nevertheless give, and be intended to give, some hints of its constitution, or general system."

The passage, first adduced as evidence of the author's hypothesis, is, he observes, "a remarkable one, and may serve in some measure to elucidate the rest." "*It is God that builded his stories in the heavens.*"*

From the preceding extracts, some idea may be formed of the hypothesis of an all-surrounding orb, the ground on which it rests, and the author's view of certain phœnomena. This hypothesis is proposed for consideration in a manner well calculated to engage the attention, and secure the candour of the reader. We have been entertained in the perusal, though our ideas do not coincide with the author's in all his reasonings and conclusions. By enlarging the powers of telescopes and extending our views into the celestial regions, we find new evidence in favour of the opinion, that the lucid appearance of the milky way and some other parts of the etherial expanse, arises from the blended light of stars, and new reason to doubt the reality of a solid surrounding orb. Observation and theory render it probable, that sufficient provision is made for preserving the harmony of the motions in the various systems, which compose the universe, without the supposed external, enclosing counterbalance. But if we cannot discover sufficient reason to admit this supposition as a constituent part of the fabrick of science, we think it merits a respectable place in her collection of curious hypotheses, formed by eminent men.

IV. An account of a very uncommon darkness in the states of New-England, May 19, 1780. *By Samuel Williams, A. M. Hollis Professor of Mathematicks and Philosophy in the University at Cambridge.*

The extraordinary darkness of the 19th of May, 1780, cannot be easily forgotten by those who observed it. We are happy to see an account of that phœnomenon preserved, which we think will be read with no small interest by the lovers of natural knowledge. The facts, which Dr. Williams had been able to collect, are related with clearness and the general principles of the explanation appear to us to be satisfactory.

According to this statement, the unusual darkness began between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning, and continued till midnight;—from the accounts received the exact boundaries of it could not be determined, but it seemed to have extended through the New-England states. There was some variety in the appearances, the degree of darkness, and probably in the duration at different places;—"in most parts of the country people were unable to read common print; determine the time of day by their clocks or watches; dine, or manage their domestick business without the light of candles;" the colour of the clouds appeared to be a mixture of faint red, yellow and brown, and most other objects appeared to be tinged with yellow; thunder was heard in the morn-

* Amos ix. 6.

ing, and rain fell in small showers, which appeared to be thick, dark, and sooty, and on the surface of it, when received in vessels, as well as on that of rivers, &c. a light scum was observed, which on examination was found to be the black ashes of burnt leaves; in some places the vapours seemed to be ascending; " in most descending; and in all very near to the surface of the earth;" " the *appearance* and *effects* were such as tended to make the prospect extremely dull and gloomy; candles were lighted up in the houses; the birds having sung their evening songs, disappeared and became silent; the fowls retired to roost; the cocks were crowing all around as at break of day; objects could not be distinguished but at a very little distance, and every thing bore the appearance and gloom of night."

A general view of the cause of this wonderful darkness is exhibited in the following extract.

" It is well known that in this part of America, it is customary to make large fires in the woods, for the purpose of clearing the lands in the new settlements. This was the case this spring, in a much greater degree than is common. In the county of York, in the western parts of the state of New-Hampshire, in the western parts of this state, and in Vermont, uncommonly large and extensive fires had been kept up. The people in the new towns had been employed in clearing up their lands in this way for two or three weeks before; and some large and extensive fires had raged in the woods for several days before they could be extinguished. In addition therefore, to what arises from evaporation, and those exhalations which are constant and natural, a much larger quantity of vapour arose from those large and numerous fires which extended all around our frontiers. As the weather had been clear, the air heavy, and the winds small and variable for several days; the vapours instead of dispersing, must have been rising and constantly collecting in the air, until the atmosphere became highly charged with an uncommon quantity of them, floating near the surface of the earth."

To this account is annexed some information, principally taken from the English Philosophical Transactions, respecting instances of extraordinary darkness, which in former times had been observed in America.

V. An account of the effects of lightning on two houses in the city of Philadelphia. By the Hon. Arthur Lee, Esq. F. A. A.

The lightning, which produced the effects here described, happened in the summer of 1781. One of the houses was unprotected by a conductor; and the copper point of the conductor of the other appeared, on examination, to have been melted, at some preceding time, into a form, resembling that of a button. The lower end of this conductor was about two feet below the surface of the ground. In each case the fluid appeared to have passed through a considerable extent of the building by one or more bell-wires, which, though melted in some parts, answered the purpose of conducting the charge; the falling however of the fused metal on the floor occasioned the burning of holes in it. The course and effects of the lightning in one of the houses is particularly marked by a figure.

In some remarks, suggested by

the facts he had related, Mr. Lee justly observes, that bell-wires in a house "ought always to be disposed with a view to the possibility of their becoming conductors." And, "that the points of conductors should be examined from time to time."

VI. An account of the effects of lightning on a large rock in Gloucester. By the Reverend Eli Forbes.

The time, when lightning produced the effects here described, was the 18th of March, 1782. The content of the rock above the ground, on which the discharge was made near the top, is almost ten feet. The lightning, having broken off about 20 pounds of the rock, and beside cracked it in several directions to a small extent, was divided into three parts, which passed off in different directions, each producing effects, that were very striking. Dr. Forbes appears to have examined these effects with close attention, and to have described them with great accuracy. He has illustrated them by a figure. They were indeed extraordinary.

It is very much to be wished, that whenever lightning strikes an object on the earth, some person, who lives near it, would examine the visible traces, and communicate all the facts, which he can ascertain, to the Academy or some other society, that, if valuable, they may become publick, and may be applied, as far as ther nature will admit, to the purpose of improving our knowledge on this highly important subject.

VII. An account of a very curious appearance of the electrical fluid, produced by raising an electrical kite in the time of a thunder-shower. By Loammi Baldwin, Esq. F. A. A.

In this experiment, performed in the summer of 1771, an electrical kite was elevated to the height of some tall trees, or perhaps somewhat above them, at a time, when the upper edge of a highly charged cloud, rising from the north-west, had reached the altitude of 55° or 60°. Col. Baldwin was soon surrounded with the appearance of a fiery atmosphere, or bright flame of fire, with some faint flashes, visible to himself and other persons at a small distance. This electrical phenomenon continued to increase and extend itself till, the cloud having nearly obscured the heavens about the zenith, the kite was drawn down. The experimenter however was subjected to no inconvenience but surprise, and a degree of debility, which, he thinks, that surprise might possibly have occasioned.

VIII. Observations and conjectures on the earthquakes of New-England. By Professor Williams, F. A. A.

The design in writing this treatise and the plan of it are exhibited in the following extract, which is the first paragraph of it.

"In looking over some of the histories of New-England, I observed, that the religious turn of mind, which distinguished the first planters of New-England, had led them to take notice of all the earthquakes which happened in the country after their arrival. Several of them seemed to be pretty well described; and in some of their phenomena there seemed to be an agreement. As several of these accounts were contained in writings but little known, I thought it might be of some service to philosophy, if a

particular account of them could be collected. This is what I have attempted in the following treatise. In the *first part* of it I have set down the most particular accounts I could find of their phenomena. The *second* contains observations and remarks upon their agreement and operations. In the *third*, conjectures are proposed as to their causes: and in the *fourth*, some general reflections are added as to their nature, use, and effects."

In the first part, Dr. Williams gives a narrative of the principal facts relative to the earthquakes in New-England, from 1638, when the first happened, which was observed by our ancestors, after their landing at Plymouth, to 1783 inclusive. Five of these were much greater than the rest; namely the earthquakes of 1638, 1658, 1663, 1727, and 1755; the last of which was the greatest.

In the observations and remarks it is said, that all the earthquakes which have happened in this country, are of the same kind, having an *undulatory* motion; that their general *course* is nearly from the north-west to the south-east; that their *origin* was probably at a considerable distance from New-England in a north-western direction; that "to the south-west, they have several times reached as far as *Maryland*; but never so far as *Virginia* or *Carolina*; to the north-east, they have been bounded by *Nova-Scotia*; having never been felt much further than *Halifax*; from the unknown lands, at the north-west, they have gone off south-east into the *Atlantic*: their extent this way, being greater than we are able to trace on either point of the compass,"—that as far as can be gathered from the accounts, it seems probable, that most of the great shocks have reached to much the same places: the small ones, indeed, have not had such an extent; being felt only in different provinces and towns,"—that there are no facts, by which the *velocity* of these earthquakes can be determined,—that the intervals of time between their occurrences are very unequal and irregular, and that earthquakes seem to have no connection with any thing that falls under our observation.

With respect to the causes of the earthquakes of New-England, it is inferred from the facts before stated, that they "have been produced by *something which has moved along under the surface of the earth*." "What thus moved under, and hove up the surface of the earth, was probably a *strong elastick vapour*,"—"a fluid of the same nature as that which is now called *inflammable air*."

In the opinion of this author "the *contents* of the earth will account for the *origin*, and the *structure* of it will account for the *motion* and *direction* of a subterraneous vapour."

Under the head of general reflections on earthquakes, it is observed, "if we are right in our conjectures on the causes of earthquakes, we may conclude, that the globe always has been, and will be subject to such concussions,"—that, "notwithstanding all their terrible effects, earthquakes seem to be a necessary consequence of such laws of nature, and powers in matter, as are, upon the whole, greatly beneficial to the globe,"—that "these extensive and powerful agitations tend to weaken the attraction, loosen the parts, and open the pores of the earth; and thus to fit and prepare it for the purposes of vegetation, and for the

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various kinds of produce that are necessary for the support of animal life,"—that " we have no way to form any rational conclusions as to the time when an earthquake will happen, from any inferences founded on the knowledge of the nature and operations of their causes ; nor can we receive much, if any, help from any *preceding signs*,"—that " it must," however, " be supposed, that earthquakes (like all other events that depend on natural causes) are subject to certain and determined laws and rules, which are in themselves constant, regular, and harmonious,—whether these laws, or this regularity, be known to us or not ;"—that " it was no doubt with a view *ultimately* to moral *purposes*, that the laws of nature were first established : and nothing can be better adapted than many of their operations, to awaken and direct the attention of mankind to the supreme governour of the world,"—and that " of his favour mortals may be sure, so long as they maintain a steady regard to the rules of virtue."

We could with pleasure make much larger extracts from this very valuable Memoir, did we not fear, that the present article would then be too long. Earthquakes make most awful impressions on the mind, and excite an ardent desire to be particularly acquainted with the nature and effects of those of our own country, to which we are exposed. We have perused the account before us with much satisfaction. It contains many important facts, many ingenious conjectures, many excellent reflections.

IX. An account of West-River Mountain, and the appearance of there having been a volcano in it. By Daniel Jones, Esq.

West-river mountain is in the state of New-Hampshire, on the eastern bank of Connecticut river, opposite to the mouth of West-river. Mr. Jones is of opinion, that there has been an eruption on the south side of this mountain about eighty yards from the top. Some people in the vicinity, hoping to find gold, have there dug to the depth of seventy or eighty feet. " The external parts of the hole are entirely rock, and in many places much burnt and softened. There are small holes in various places of the rock, where they dig, like the arch of an oven, and the rock seems to be dissolved by heat ; the cinders and melted dross adhere to it, and hang down in drops like small icicles, something resembling in colour the cinders of a furnace, or black glass, and it is so fastened to the rock, that it appears as if it was originally part of the same." . . . " At the mouth of the hole, there was blown out melted dross, which stuck to the rocks ; and in the hole were found various pieces of stone, which appeared to be dissolved by fire, and the sides of the rock blackened by fire ; so that this hole must have been filled up since the eruption took place."

Such are the principal appearances, observed on the mountain, which seemed to indicate that there had been volcanick eruptions. And great quantities of stone, fallen or thrown from the mountain, are thought to furnish evidence of explosions or violent agitations.

Beside the evidence, that arises from the present appearance, there was also information from some old, credible people, who had lived opposite to the mountain, that

there had been frequent explosions in it, and emissions of fire and smoke. The last explosion, that the author recollects, happened, as he observes, about five or six years before the date of this account, Nov. 2, 1783. The noise resembled that of an earthquake, and the earth trembled considerably where he was, at a distance of four or five miles.

X. An account of eruptions, and the present appearance in West-River Mountain. By Mr. Caleb Alexander.

Mr. Alexander observed appearances on this mountain similar to those, described by Mr. Jones in the last Memoir. He is however of opinion, that there have been eruptions of fire at two places.

According to information, that had been received, explosions had been heard as loud as the report of a cannon ;....at other times they had been heard at the distance of fourteen or fifteen miles ;...that violent eruptions of fire had been observed several times, when the flame ascended to a great height in the air.

ART. 17.

A view of South Carolina, as respects her natural and civil concerns. By John Drayton. 1802. Charleston, W. P. Young. 8*vo.* 1 *vol. pp.* 252.

WORKS of this nature have been so multiplied in Europe, from the importance which every one believes his own city and district to possess, and are produced with so little labour, that it is necessary to guard against the introduction of this evil into our own country. A few tables of probable population, of weather, imports and exports, with descriptions of the publick buildings,have swollen the account of a commercial town into a huge quarto ; and as the authors of such works convey so much information to the publick, they think themselves licensed to neglect every ornament ; though even novels, at present deemed the meanest articles in the shop of literature, are supposed to be adorned with the beauties of language, and variety of incidents. Statisticks, as they afford the only means of judging correctly of the prosperity of a country, of its rise and decline, are extremely useful ; and though they will not admit all the beauties of imagery, do not refuse all ornament. A work of this kind should contain much new information ; and facts should be so well authenticated as to support the conclusions, that are drawn from them. We hope our readers will be able to judge from the following account, how far Mr. Drayton has succeeded in these points.

We shall forbear to speak of the inelegance, if not impropriety of the title ; and shall only observe, that it is sufficiently general to include every thing that can be said of South-Carolina. Our author divides his work into three chapters, the first of which contains the geography and natural history of South-Carolina, which is again subdivided into " situation, and by what authority ; discovery, and name ; face of the country ; mountains ; climate ; diseases ; rivers, lakes, and water courses ; minerals, springs, cascades, and natural curiosities ; productions vegetable and animal." Of these our author treats in their order, and prefixes to the whole a short

introduction, turgid, obscure, and full of forced epithets. In speaking of the face of the country, he divides S. Carolina into three divisions ; the upper, above the falls of the rivers, contains 9450 square miles. The middle and lower, divided from each other by the sand hills, contain 14510. The country rises gradually from the sea for eighty miles, and is an extensive plain, except where intersected by water, producing nothing but pines, and thence denominated pine barren. These pine barrens are devoid of underwood, being frequently burnt for the purpose of producing early spring pasturage. Upon the numerous creeks and rivers, which divide this plain, are rich and fertile savannahs, almost the only lands cultivated in the lower division. The best rice plantations are made on these marshes, where the tide flows, but above where the salt water rises. They require no manure, and are inexhaustible. He neglects however to inform us, that some gentlemen have converted their salt marshes into rice plantations, by raising dykes for the exclusion of the salt water, and bringing in a trough or canal fresh water from the river above. After a few years, these are found equally productive with the fresh marshes.

The middle country resembles the lower, the banks of the rivers being alone profitable to cultivate.

The upper country is diversified like the northern states into hill and dale ; but its mountains seem to raise our author from the humble style, he had before used. He carries us to the top of the table mountain, and after stating its height at 3168 feet, the highest mountain in the state ; and showing us on one side the lover's leap 300 feet perpendicular, he mentions the mountains, that may thence be seen in the various directions, and adds, "To the east and south-east the eye may range without any other control, than what the unerring laws of nature have ordained in the curvature of the globe. Thirty farms or more are hence distinguished by the naked eye at any one view ; the mountains wind along in elevated majesty, and roaring cataracts, leaping from rock to rock, hasten down their sides to run with more gentle streams along the vales below." When "elevated far above the sphere of human life," as he afterwards expresses himself, "by the clouds, which sweep below him," he discovers thirty farms or more, we can only compare him to the hawk, who, striving to soar above the towering eagle, is drawn from his lofty flight to seize some little bird below. The rest of his description is extremely puerile. He represents the climate of the upper country as fine and wholesome ; but says that, from the great quantities of stagnant waters in the lower parts of the state producing many reptiles and insects, "it is not surprising that the hot months should be chequered with sickness." We regret that neither here, nor under the head of diseases, he has given us a table of births and deaths, for his account is much too general to remove the common impression, that the climate is extremely unfriendly to the constitution of the whites. The table of diseases may give an idea of the destroying angel's form ; but not of the exertions of his powers. After describing the dreadful whirlwinds and hail storms that are experienced in this state, he attempts to prove, that they owe their origin to the situation of South Carolina

in the temperate zone, near the torrid. He should first, however, have proved to us, that these dreadful scourges were not felt in any other situation; and then we might be disposed to listen to his argument. Nor would he have thought the climate of that state peculiarly variable, because the thermometer has varied 83° in one season; if he had known that it had been in Maine 30° below the cypher in winter, and at near an 100° above it in summer. He gives an opinion, that the climate ameliorates; but, sensible that he does not produce sufficient authority to support the opinion, he seems cautious in risking it. His tables of weather are only of the extremes of heat and cold, for ten years from 1750, and eight years from 1791, and of rain for 7 years from 1795. By which it appears, that in the above years, the thermometer was but once above 96°, and seldom below 22° above the cypher; and that the rain in the above years varied from 42,9 to 75,4 inches. Our author passes from climate and diseases to rivers, &c.; but he treats with no more respect, the broad and extensive Savannah and Santee, than he does the minor streams of Ashley and Edisto. The tides extend up the rivers about 80 miles; but in the Santee not more than 15. On the coast they rise from 6 to 10 feet, but are much influenced by the wind. Nothing but the desire of mentioning every thing, could have induced our author to speak of lakes; a pond of less than a mile in circumference being the only thing resembling them in the state. Fifteen pages are employed upon fossils, minerals, &c., when as many lines would have decribed the whole. He speaks at length of some mammoth bones deposited in the Charleston museum, and upon the authority of Mr. Jefferson decides them to be similar to those found in Siberia, and then, with much ingenuity, conjures up, first the theory of the zones having exchanged places from the moving of the ecliptick; then Mr. Buffon's theory of the earth's having at first been fluid from heat, and having, in the true spirit of quixotism, combatted these theories to his own satisfaction, he at length discovers that they only "spring from the brain of a fertile imagination." Not content with this victory, he speaks of the theories of other naturalists, and of the ice islands of St. Pierre, loaded with bears and elephants; but having already exhausted his own ingenuity, he leaves us in doubt, to overturn these theories ourselves, if we are so disposed. Mill, building, and lime stones, ochres, asbestos, and slate are found in the upper parts of the state; and he wishes that we should think, that, besides iron and lead, they possess gold and silver, yet concealed in the earth. His botanical catalogue is full, though he himself tells us, it is not complete; but his account of animals is only a short list of names.

Our author divides his second chapter into political and rural economy, which he subdivides into "population, military force, tenures, value of estates and buildings, agriculture, manufactures, inland navigation, roads, and commerce." Under the head of population he gives a long and uninteresting account of the Indians, their wars, &c.; and with regard to the early white and negro population the only facts established are, that white population decreased till 1734, that in 1765 there were 40,000 whites, and 90,000 blacks, and that in 1800 there were 196,255 whites,

149,336 blacks in South-Carolina. Since however Mr. D. wrote, the prohibition against the importation of slaves has been taken off; and in the years 1804 and 1805 there were 13,000 negroes imported into Carolina. He states the effective militia at 35,785, of which number 1743 are cavalry, regularly armed, trained, and uniformed. Lands are holden originally by grant from the state, and now conveyed by simple deed. Their value must of course vary very greatly in this state. Tide swamp, the best land for rice, is worth, if cultivated, from $70 to $90 per acre. The income of the planter is still more unequal, some possessing $80,000 and others only $40 per annum. Our author then passes to agriculture, a subject which he seems to understand much better, than any other in his book; and though what he says upon it might have been comprised in one third the space it now occupies, much information respecting the culture of rice and cotton, the staple articles of South-Carolina, may be obtained by those unacquainted with the Southern states. A table is added to show the different modes of planting rice in South-Carolina, Spain, Egypt, Sumatra, and China. He is particular in describing the machines for preparing those articles for market; but does not give sufficient praise to the raw gin for cotton, and water mill for rice lately invented; probably because they are as yet used but by few persons. To the reasons, which he gives why indigo is less cultivated now than formerly, he might have added, that its preparation is extremely unwholesome, even to the negroes. Nor does he inform us, that oil is contained in the cotton seed, and that, tho' at present thrown away, yet by experiment it has yielded a gallon of oil to a bushel of seed. At the close of the article upon agriculture, he speaks of slavery; and though our feelings revolt at the attempt to justify slavery, yet we must have the candour to allow, that he has represented the condition of the slaves in South-Carolina without prejudice. An abhorrence of slavery has led us to depict the wretched negro, groaning under the task of an inhuman overseer, but we shall subjoin his account of them, which we believe to be correct. "They are worked by certain tasks, which are not unreasonable, and when they are diligent in performing them, they have some hours of the day to themselves. Hence they are encouraged to plant for their own emolument, raise poultry for their own use, or for sale; and are protected in the property which they thus acquire. With good masters they are happy and contented, and instances are known, where they have declined an offered freedom. It is prohibited by law to work them more than certain hours in the day, during different portions of the year; and their owners are liable to a penalty, if they do not feed them in a suitable manner. Should they treat them cruelly they are amenable to the laws." He might have added, that the fear of becoming infamous, a much more powerful motive than any positive law, obliges the gentlemen of Carolina to whom the greatest part of the slaves belong, to treat them with humanity. He is correct in saying, that, without negroes, part of South-Carolina must still have remained deep swamps and dreary forests. The manufactures of South-Carolina deserve not the little that our author says of them. Of the canals

he mentions the Catawba and Santee have alone been commenced, and the latter is the only one yet finished. The Santee canal was begun in 1792, and finished in 1800, at an expense of about 150,000l. sterling; and in the spring of 1804 there had been no dividend; but a hope was entertained, that the following year they should divide 1 per cent. Both these canals received encouragement from the legislature. No one who has ever travelled in South Carolina can believe our author's account of the roads against the evidence of his senses, which pronounce them infamous. Nor under the present existing laws can they possibly be better; but the traveller will join with him in hoping, that the day will come when bridges shall be more frequent, than they are at present; and that the spirit of the people will allow tolls to be imposed. Under the article of commerce he gives a great number of tables of imports and exports at different periods. His third and last chapter is divided into "Histories; government and laws; revenue; civil divisions; cities and towns; religion; charitable societies; literature; modes of living; character and diversions." His first article is a list of the different accounts of South-Carolina, that have ever been published. From the constitution he passes to the revenue, which he represents as flourishing. It is derived principally from direct taxes, and from the interest of a paper medium loan, and of the debt due from the United States. His account of Charleston is long, but uninteresting. Georgetown and Beaufort are mere villages, and the other towns he mentions have not a collection of a dozen houses. From religion, of which he says only a few words, he passes to charitable societies, of which the South-Carolina for the support of the families and the education of the children of unfortunate deceased members, and the orphan house, are the most important. The article of literature should have been entitled education, for under it he speaks of nothing but schools and colleges, which are not in a flourishing state. The South-Carolina college at Columbia was liberally endowed in 1801; and the question will soon be determined, whether the mind is capable of close application to study in that climate; or whether, equally enervated with the body, it cannot there be trained to exertion. In delineating the character of the Carolinian, our author has wholly failed. In no state in the union are the manners of the different classes so various; but in Mr. D.'s description we perceive not the marked distinction between the gentleman, educated in Europe, who to polished manners unites an hospitality unknown in the old world; and the white savage of the borders, who to his own cunning has added the fierceness and cruelty of his neighbour, the sable aboriginal. Nor do we see a middle class with the want of feeling of the lower orders, and the pride of the upper; or the young men of Charleston immerged in dissipation, and instead of imitating the urbane manners, and improving by the conversation of their fathers, wasting their time in foolish revels and boyish mischief.

We have examined this work in the order of its arrangement, and must conclude, that, considering the opportunities, which our author had for years of collecting materials, that he has afforded us

very little information. He seems impressed with the idea, that it was necessary to write on every subject connected with South-Carolina, and that all were of equal importance. But if we should grant for the moment that his information was worth publishing, we would confine him to those subjects to which he seems competent, and to those tables which may serve hereafter as useful documents. Instead of throwing light upon his subject, he frequently renders it obscure by attempting to show his learning. His language is sometimes incorrect. *Be* is constantly used for *are*, and substantives receive a gender, when they are not meant to be personified. His style is sometimes obscure, and frequently turgid, particularly when he aims at the sublime. We shall conclude our review with a quotation from his description of the Catawba falls. "They are situated a little above Rocky Mount; and the approach to them is over hills which line the sides of the river. On either side the rocks are piled up in a wall of many feet high, and hills, rising above them in sharp conical summits, nod over the rupture below. Now the Catawba is arrested in its course, and from a width of one hundred and eighty yards, this river is forced by the hills and rocks on either side to shoot down the gulph in a channel of only ninety-five yards wide. Collecting its waters, impetuous and noisy, it thunders down the falls; tumbling over massy rocks, and foaming from shore to shore; wheeling its large whirlpools, and glancing from rock to rock with maddening fury. Nor ceasing its troubled waves, until it has overleaped twenty falls in the distance of two and an half miles, and has precipitated from its height, a depth of ninety feet. Here, below Rocky Mount, it begins to subside; and spreads over a channel three hundred and eighteen yards wide; but is not composed. For miles below, rocks are scattered in its way; at times irritating its waters, and provoking the rapidity of its stream. So a proud and haughty disposition cannot bear control; but rushes onward with unabating violence, scorning all opposition which is surmountable, repossessing its tranquillity by slow degrees; and becoming again incensed with whatever rises in its way."

ART. 18.

An account of the malignant fever, which prevailed in the city of New-York, during the autumn of 1805. *Containing,* 1. *The proceedings of the board of health to prevent the introduction of malignant fever.* 2. *The rise, progress, and decline of the late epidemick.* 3. *An account of the Marine and Bellevue hospitals, with the number of patients received, and deaths which have occurred, at each of these establishments, during the sickly season.* 4. *Record of deaths, &c. &c.* 5. *Opinion of several eminent physicians, respecting the cause of malignant fever, in several different parts of the United States.* 6. *The situation of the convicts in the state-prison, with respect to health during the last summer.* 7. *Desultory observations and reflections.* 8. *The various modes of cure adopted in the malignant fever. By James Hardie.* 8vo. *pp.* 196. New-York, Southwick & Hardcastle. 1805.

IT is well known that a diversity of opinion has prevailed among

physicians respecting the origin, nature, and treatment of Yellow Fever. The question has been agitated in a manner not the most calm and dispassionate, among gentlemen of the faculty; at the same time, many of their fellow citizens have chosen their sides, and their co-operation has not tended to diminish the zeal and animosity, with which the controversy has been supported. It has thus been rendered unpleasant for those who sought truth only to canvas the subject.

From one party we are told, that the disease has been owing to the filth of our cities, and to the nauseous exhalations from our docks; and, in some instances, they have even pointed to the particular heaps of dirt, in which the poison has been generated. They seem almost to have seen the miasmata, with so much familiarity do they talk of them.

The other party consider all this as an unjust charge of the evil to a country too new and pure, and unadulterated, and *peaceable*, to be the mother of a disease so strongly marked, and of which the character is so malignant. They consider the reputation of the country, and, in many instances, of the particular city in which they reside, as injured by the suggestion, that this disease is of domestick origin; and these considerations do not make them listen with the more patience to the statements and arguments of their adversaries.

As facts have been stated by the different parties, they have, oftentimes, been so coloured by the prejudices on both sides, that it has become almost impossible to discover their true complexion. Meanwhile, to guard against the great calamity, the judicious have endeavoured to remove all those things, charged as the domestick sources of the disease, and at the same time to subject to quarantine all persons and things coming from suspected places, at certain seasons.

Such has been the conduct of the legislature of the state of New York. They have authorised the establishment of a board of health, in their metropolis, with powers to guard against every supposed source of the disease. The powers of this board appear to be ample; and it cannot be doubted that they must feel disposed to use every exertion to save themselves and their fellow citizens from this common scourge. Notwithstanding their efforts, the disease did prevail there the last autumn. During its prevalence, the board of health was necessarily the centre of information, respecting its origin and progress. The book before us was written by the secretary of that board. It was surely in his power, probably more than in any other man's, to command all the materials for such a work. If, therefore, he has not told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, his crime must be considered nothing less than perjury.

We know not the character of Mr. Hardie, nor have we looked for information on this subject from any other quarter, with which his may be compared. For the present we must rely on the general complexion of the work, as the ground of an opinion. From this we are induced to believe, that Mr. H. is exceedingly well qualified for the task he has undertaken, and that he has executed it with accuracy and impartiality.

The first chapter of this work contains an account of the establishment of the board of health, at

New York, of the powers with which they were invested, and of the measures they adopted to prevent, and afterwards to restrain and mitigate the disease. In this chapter, therefore, we find an account of the first appearances of any alarming cases of fever ; and it also informs us of the extreme caution, with which the board proceeded, before they gave a publick alarm, as well as of their fidelity in reporting truly the existence of danger, when that was duly ascertained. From that time they published faithful reports ; and while the rich were warned to remove from the city, an asylum was opened for the poor. The propriety of such conduct needs not be displayed.

It appears that the first case, which was called yellow fever by any person, occurred on the 8th of June. From the 9th to the 24th of July three other cases occurred, which were believed, by many, to be of the same nature. The first case, which was acknowledged by both parties to be yellow or malignant fever, was that of James Dougherty. This occurred on the 24th of July, and was followed by a few cases in August ; but the disease was not epidemick till September 5th. Respecting Dougherty, it appeared, that he was at the quarantine ground on the 3d or 10th of July. This gives room for suspicion, that he contracted his disease there ; but on August 7th, it is asserted by the health officer, "that no case of yellow fever has existed either at the hospital, or on board the shipping at the quarantine ground since the first of July last, except those sick persons who have been sent from the city of New York." If, as was afterwards asserted by Dr. Hosack, there was an almost unlimited intercourse between the quarantine ground and the city, it must have been practicable to detect the health officer, had his assertion been unfounded. If it was true, we must inquire whether those persons sent from the city really had the yellow fever, and, if they had, whence its origin.

We had intended to examine the evidence on this subject at large, but this would lead us too far for the limits of a review. To state the evidence with sufficient precision, we must copy a great part of the work before us. To this therefore we refer, and it should be consulted by every man interested in this subject. The evidence is far from sufficient to decide the general question in controversy ; but we believe that every impartial reader will agree, that, *in this case*, the domestick origin of the yellow fever is rendered most probable.

We cannot pass over this chapter, without noticing a very handsome communication, which it contains, addressed by Dr. Sir James Jay, to the board of health. In this he proposes, in order to ascertain facts, and to narrow the ground of controversy, that the board should adopt the following method. "Desire the leaders of each party to give you *in writing* an *accurate history*, or description of yellow fever, mentioning particularly those *peculiar* symptoms attending its commencement, progress, and termination, which distinguish yellow fever from any other fever. These descriptions of yellow fever will be a kind of standard for you and other gentlemen to judge by, of all doubtful cases that may subsequently occur. When you have obtained such a history from each party, whenever a suspicious case appears, let a

physician of each party visit the patient, and if they disagree as to the disorder, let them give you an account of the symptoms attending the case ; from whence, by comparing it with the standard, you may be able to judge whether it is yellow fever or not ; and whether the sick person should be removed, or not, to the marine hospital." Practitioners will see difficulties in this plan, and that it could not at once be carried into effect in the most perfect manner ; it would however be gradually improved, and is certainly worthy to be adopted. Wherever medical men wish to attain truth, they might in this method succeed ; at the same time, the lovers of controversy would be, in some measure, restrained by the limits they would prescribe to themselves.

The second chapter contains an address from the board of health to the citizens of New York, dated Nov. 13. This gives a general account of their proceedings, and of the extent of the late disease. It displays feelings and principles, which do them honour.

The contents of the 3d and 4th chapters are sufficiently expressed in the title. The documents they contain are very valuable.

In the 5th chapter we have the "opinions of several eminent physicians respecting the cause of malignant fever, in several different parts of the United States." The first article is a letter from Dr. Pardon Bowen, of Providence, giving an account of the fever, which prevailed there the last summer. After detailing the facts, this very respectable physician infers, "that the fever was the yellow or malignant fever, and that it had its origin, or stood somehow or other connected with one or all three" of certain vessels he had mentioned. We refer inquirers to the letter ; but we beg them to attend to the "extremely offensive bilge water," which made some workmen in the neighbourhood sick, causing some of them to vomit ; and which was "particularly offensive" to some persons who "had been much accustomed to the smell of bilge water." We do not mean to support the opinion, that the yellow fever derives its origin from the filth of our cities. Were we advocates for its domestick origin, we should not think it necessary to adopt this opinion. But justice requires us to remark, that in this instance, at Providence, the bilge water may as fairly be suspected to be the source of the disease, as any contagion imported.

The second article in this chapter is a communication from Dr. Hosack, which had been published in the Morning Chronicle. In this that gentleman refutes some calumnies, which it would seem had been thrown out against him. He also declares that the events of the last season tend to confirm the opinion he had held,—viz. "that the yellow fever is not the product of our own soil or climate, but is *always* introduced from *abroad*." He says the intercourse between the quarantine ground and the city was almost unlimited, but he does not state how the disease was introduced into the quarantine ground ; and from the work which is under review we are led to suppose, that there was not any cause for a belief that the quarantine ground was infected from *abroad*. Dr. H. however adds, that "it is unnecessary for him to go into details ; that a clue to the investigation of the facts upon this subject is in the possession of the proper authority,

&c." Till we learn to what circumstances Dr. H. refers, our final judgment upon this matter must be in some measure suspended. In the mean time we cannot readily believe that Mr. Hardie could be ignorant of any important facts upon this subject; nor can we more readily suspect that any man in his situation would attempt to conceal facts, which must inevitably be brought to light at a future period.

Dr. Hosack's communication is followed by a letter from Dr. Stuart of Grenada. This letter states some facts respecting the fever, which prevailed in Grenada in 1793, and expresses his conviction, that that disease was imported from Boullam in the ship Hankey. Dr. Stuart may have formed correct opinions respecting the origin of that disease, but surely his letter does not prove that the yellow fever is always imported either into the West-Indies, or into this country.

The fifth chapter is concluded by an extract from "a view of the climate and soil of the United States of America," by C. F. Volney. In this the subject of yellow fever is considered in a general way, and the Frenchman is seen in the discussion of it; but the extract contains many important remarks. Mr. Volney is decidedly of opinion, that the yellow fever may and actually does arise in the United States.

The sixth chapter contains a letter from Richard L. Walker and N. I. Quackenbos, physcians of the state prison of New-York, to the board of inspectors of that institution. In this letter it is stated, that two cases of yellow fever occurred in that prison in the month of August, one of them attended with the black vomiting. The writers add, "it deserved to be remarked, that the circumstances of the cases preclude all suspicion of their having infected one another, or of the disease having arisen from any foreign or contagious source." These cases deserve to be thoroughly investigated. We hope, that the believers in importation at New-York will strictly, but candidly inquire into this matter. It is presumed, that the physicians to the state-prison would readily assent to such an inquiry, as it would not imply any doubts of them, except such as arise from the fallibility of all men.

Chapter seventh contains "desultory observations and reflections." These do much credit to the author, and will be found interesting to readers in general, as well as to the faculty. In this chapter we are told that among more than twenty persons, exposed to James Dougherty, no one "received the least infection or contagion;" and several analogous remarks are made.

The eighth and last chapter on modes of cure is a valuable addition to the work.

To our imperfect analysis we add, that the perusal of this work has afforded us much satisfaction, and we recommend it to general attention.

Should unfortunately any of our cities be again visited by this malignant disease, we earnestly solicit persons, who may have similar opportunities for information, to publish similar works; and to remember, that fidelity and accuracy in the investigation and statement of facts will stamp on their productions the highest value.

NOTICES.

The Christian Monitor: a religious periodical work. By a society for promoting christian knowledge, piety, and charity. No. 1. Boston. Munroe & Francis. *pp.* 190.

Among the periodical publications of the day, there has been wanting one, which, without regard to sect, should consult the edification of christians in general. To encourage a work of this sort, we learn that a society was formed in the course of the year past, which has presented to the publick its incipient efforts in the little book before us. It consists of exhortations, prayers, and meditations suited to persons of various conditions in various circumstances. The sectary who loves nothing which does not breathe a spirit of party will find nothing here either savoury to his taste or provoking his malevolence. Equally remote from bigotry as from enthusiasm the Christian Monitor, we are told, numbers among its supporters and friends believers of diverse theological tenets. It has no features of a controversial character. It designs to strengthen that faith which is the pillar of morals, to brighten that hope which gilds the prospect of futurity, and to animate the labours of that love, which is the beginning and end of the gospel. It inspires the feeble convert with courage, and pours grace from its lips into the ear of penitence. It especially calls the young to the work of religion in the morning of life, that they may be saved the pangs of a bitter repentance, and the unavailing tears of those who, though they repent, are yet never made whole. It implores a plentiful stream for the thirsty, and a guide for the mourning pilgrim. It prays for the generations of men which are passing away, and for the children of God who are hastening to the grave.

Whilst we thus applaud the purpose and spirit of the work, we dare not give our unqualified approbation of the present number. The matter is good; but the manner is in numerous instances defective. The thoughts are important and striking; but in the expression and in the style there is an air of negligence and abruptness. The prayers are often begun and closed as though the author was in haste. Its worth has gratified its friends, and pleased the publick; but its excellence is not so conspicuously manifest as to silence the opposition of its enemies, or the clamours of criticism. We are satisfactorily informed that this valuable tract is undergoing some desireable amendments, that it will shortly appear from the press of Munroe and Francis in an improved form, and that the Society under whose patronage it is published will proceed with alacrity in their pious design.

....

The poetical works of Richard Savage. With the life of the author. New-York: Wm. A. Davis. 1805.

Perhaps no poet of equal pretensions is so little read as Richard Savage: many remember his misfortunes, but few mention his verses. Why it has so fallen out it is difficult to say. Pope commended his muse and Johnson pronounced him a genius, and one would sup-

pose the suffrages of such men were a sure indication of his durable renown. But, if the Bastard be excepted, there is little now that he is recalled by beside the Epigram on Dennis and the Biography of his Friend. Among the wits of his day he was as brilliant and ragged as Apollo could wish, and, though his life was irregular, his muse was correct. Poor Savage! in the melancholy records of that description of gentlemen denominated bards, thy history is mournfully pre-eminent, and, though thy song may be neglected, thy errors will be remembered for a humiliation to genius.

This edition, enriched with Johnson's life of the author, is correctly put out of hand, but its typography is so diminutive, that it appears to have issued from the press of the Pigmies.

....

Poems from the Portuguese of Lues De Camoens, with remarks on his life, &c. By Lord Viscount Strangford. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia. Maxwell.

THE life of Camoens was a life of continual hardship and danger; yet he was encouraged by the inspiration of the Muses, and he was often blessed either by the gentle smiles or the pensive remembrance of the fairest ladies of his love. Like Ovid he was driven into exile for love, but sonnets and canzonets cheered and delighted him. He was shipwrecked in the East Indies, but, like Cæsar in Egypt, he saved his life by swimming with one hand, while with a noble spirit of literature he bore up his "Lusiad" with the other. His epick poem is known to the English reader by the translation of Mickle, who has made us acquainted with a variety of beauties, which are not to be found in the original, even by the patriotick researches of the Portuguese. The minor poems of Camoens now attract admiration and applause, which they never before received. We have not read the originals, and therefore cannot ascertain their value, but report says, that in Lisbon those only are highly esteemed for their simplicity, tenaciousness, and delicacy, which have for their subject the beauties of nature, or the feelings of love. Lord Strangford's poems, if we may judge from the Portuguese couplets, which are interspersed thro' the volume, are themselves original, for they bear no resemblance to the pretended architypes. Grace and elegance are the characteristicks of these canzons and sonnets. They are written by a nobleman, who, with the polish and ease of a court, has evidently united the strength and dignity of literature. They are on a variety of subjects, such as are easily suggested to a lover, a poet, and a wanderer; and most are composed with the ardour of passion, wrought into refinement, and with the sentiments of nature, polished into elegance. The noble lord however frequently offends against purity and delicacy. We often admire the charms of his love songs, and we often lament that such poetry was written. This little volume is intended to be read, during the intervals of other pleasures and pursuits; and when the ladies rise from the harpsichord, or return from their walk, they are often attracted by the sonnets of lord Stangford, which lie on the easy sofa or the pleasant parlour window. We know not what remedy to offer; for when impropriety is decorated by the charms of delightful poetry; when indelicacy of allusion is almost evanescent in

the refinement of elegant phraseology ; and, when the criminality of passion is superficially concealed by the fashionable embroidery or delicate needle work of fancy or sentiment, who will regard any interdiction of perusal ; who will receive any counsel for discrimination ?

If therefore licentious poetry is read, moral poetry must be read also ; indelicacy must be manfully opposed by purity ; the contagion of Little must be neutralized by Thomson ; and where we are attracted into false sentiments, vicious feelings, and impure thoughts by the refined fascinations of Strangford, we must be recalled to truth, to sobriety, to virtue, and religion by the authority of Cowper.

These remarks chiefly apply to the poems on love, its operations, and analogies. The sonnets on other subjects are full of chaste nature and true sentiment. Strangford certainly will receive the sonnet wreath of English poetry from the youngest of the Graces. He has made us a most beautiful present of early leaves and vernal flowers ; and though the spring fly has often corroded the green leaf, and the worm lurks in the musk rose, yet purity may throw these away, and accept only the tender sprigs and new flowers, which grow in the valley or by the running waters.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

Of New Publications in the U. States, for April, 1806.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

Sermons on various Subjects, evangelical, devotional, and practical, adapted to the promotion of chriſtian piety, family religion, and youthful virtue. By Joſeph Lathrop, D. D. paſtor of the firſt church in Weſt Springfield. 8vo. pp. 408.—Worceſter, Iſaiah Thomas, jun.

Rules and Orders of the Court of Common Pleas, called the Mayor's Court of the City of New York, approved 29th March, 1806. New York.

Obſervations on the impreſſment of American ſeamen, by the officers of ſhips of war, and veſſels commiſſioned by, and acting under the authority of Great-Britain ; with a few remarks on the doctrine of non-exportation. To which is added a correct liſt of impreſſed ſeamen. By a citizen of Baltimore. Baltimore. Dobbin & Murphy.

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INTELLIGENCE.

....

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cambridge Univerſity (England) to one of the editors of the Anthology, dated February 6, 1806.

I AM glad, that you are actively employed in promoting a ſpirit and taſte for polite literature. In encouraging and effecting this object, I am certain that in your country in particular, men of letters will conduce more to the real happineſs and comforts of ſociety, than in acrimonious diſquiſitions on theology or politicks. You cannot too often inculcate to your countrymen a truth, of which too many of them appear regardleſs: "Didiciſſe fideliter artes, emollit mores nec ſinit eſſe feros." From theſe we may hope that the thrifty economy of the ſpeculator and merchant may in time be exacted into the liberality of the gentleman and ſcholar. Herbert Marſh has not publiſhed his ſermons: in which he perhaps acts wiſely, as the clamour would be very great, and ſuch is the nature of the champions in the oppoſite cauſe that St. Paul himſelf could not quiet them. I am glad that the great learning of H. Marſh has at length met ſome reward in a place on the civil liſt of £.500 per annum. Your complaint on the exceſſive dearneſs of books is very juſt, and much felt in England. The printers and bookſellers conſider nothing but themſelves, and have the power to do as they pleaſe.—I do not at preſent recollect any late work which I have read with ſo much pleaſure, as "The Lay of the laſt Minſtrel," a poem deſcriptive of Border manners, which in many places ſeems to me to contain the true ſpirit of ſong. The author is a gentleman, whoſe anceſtors were the actors, and who himſelf now lives on the ſcene of his ſtory.

Mr. Hayley, with that active philanthropy which marks every action of his life, has addreſſed the following circular letter to the perſons who have honoured the intention of raiſing a publick monument to Cowper by entering their names on the liſt of ſubſcribers:

"Gratitude and integrity ſeem to require from me, at this time, an addreſs to the favourers of a plan, which I propoſed to the publick, as a tribute due to a departed object of national eſteem and affection. To publiſh a Milton in three quarto volumes (including all the Manuſcripts of Cowper relating to Milton, at the price of ſix guineas, was a propoſal, that, with extenſive encouragement, might have gratified the wiſhes of Cowper's ardent admirers, and, in rendering a ſignal and juſt honour to him, might alſo have honoured the taſte of an enlightened and a liberal nation.

"Though the ſignature of ſeveral moſt reſpectable names ſeemed to afford an honourable ſanction to my firſt idea of a publick Monument for my literary friend, yet I am now diſpoſed to relinquiſh that idea; and I zealouſly ſolicit, not only thoſe who have befriended it, but the publick at large to co-operate with me in a new, and different, mark of regard to the memory of the poet, on a plan, which I haſten to explain, and to recommend to their favour.

"Since the publication of my firſt propoſal, a favourite godſon and nameſake of Cowper has had the misfortune to become an orphan at an early age. It has occurred to me, that I may improve the tribute of general reſpect to the memory of the poet, by converting his manuſcripts, relating to Milton, not into marble, but into a little fund, to aſſiſt the education and future eſtabliſhment of this intereſting orphan. I am confident that no tribute of reſpect to Cowper's memory could be more truly acceptable to his pure and beneficent mind than what I now propoſe; and I feel a pleaſure in believing, that I may gratify many of his admirers by affording them an opportunity of purchaſing the poſthumous poetry of my friend, and of indulging, at the ſame time, their feelings of tenderneſs and benevolence towards an orphan particularly endeared to the departed poet.

"It is therefore my preſent intention to print, not a Milton in three volumes, but the Latin and Italian poems of Milton tranſlated by Cowper (with all that remains of his projected diſſertations on Paradiſe Loſt) in one handſome quarto, at the price of two guineas.

"I cheriſh a ſanguine hope that the liberality of the publick, and a general wiſh to teſtify affectionate reſpect to Cowper's memory, in a manner, that will appear, I truſt, peculiarly ſuited to the tenderneſs and the beneficence of his character, may render ſuch a ſubſcription as I have now propoſed, in ſome degree adequate to the deſirable object in view.

"To thoſe who have honoured me with their names for higher ſums on my former plan, it is my duty to ſay, that the perſons who have paid their money to the reſpective bookſellers mentioned in the firſt propoſal, are at liberty to reſume the whole, or what portion of it they think proper.

"If, on the contrary, they generouſly devote the whole ſum (ſubſcribed towards a Monument for Cowper) to the orphan god-child of the poet, I think it right to aſſure them, that, whatever may be raiſed by the preſent application to their liberality, will be veſted in two truſtees, Samuel Smith, and John Sargent, eſquires, members of parliament, for the benefit of the Orphan, whom I have mentioned.

Feb. 4, 1806. W. HAYLEY.
Pelpham, near Chicheſter.

"Cowper's tranſlations from the Latin and Italian poems of Milton are already tranſcribed for the preſs, from the copy that includes his lateſt corrections.

"All perſons inclined to befriend the publication here recommended to their favour, for the benefit of the poet's orphan god-child, are reſpectfully requeſted to pay their intended contributions to Mr. Johnſon of St. Paul's Church Yard, or to Mr. Evans, Pall-Mall.

"Thoſe, who have made their reſpective payments, in conſequence of a different propoſal, are now gratefully deſired either to recall or confirm them at pleaſure."

Mr. Carr, who has already favoured the world with his Stranger in France, and with his Travels round the Baltic, has lately made the *Tour of Ireland*, and is now preparing an account of that almoſt unknown country which he intends to publiſh under the title of THE STRANGER IN IRELAND. The work will make one elegant volume quarto, ſimilar to *the Northern Summer*, and will be embelliſhed with a variety of engravings by MEDLAND from drawings by Mr. CARR.

Mr. Walter Scott, author of the Poem of the Lay of the laſt Minſtrel, is preparing an edition of the long neglected works of John Dryden.

The following details relative to the arts at Rome are given by one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcientiſick men of that city.--"We cannot boaſt of many literary productions, but, to make amends, great pains are taken for clearing, cleanſing, and better preſerving, the ancient monuments of architecture. His Holineſs has greatly promoted this part of the art, one of the moſt intereſting of antiquity.—The architect and the antiquary will acquire new ſubjects of erudition, and new works and new engravings will be rendered neceſſary. The Works of Deſgodetz, a new edition of which is about to be publiſhed by M. Carlo Fea, will derive an immenſe advantage from theſe labours, and will become almoſt entirely new. How different from what we have been accuſtomed to behold it, will appear that celebrated Pantheon, hitherto almoſt unknown, though the moſt beautiful of ancient edifices, and in the beſt preſervation! The Flavian Amphitheatre, or Coliſeum, will be cleanſed, and the publick will have acceſs to it, as to a muſeum. The Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli has been repaired; and the two arches of Septimius Severus and of Conſtantine have been cleared of the earth which covered them. The column of Antoninus has been cleaned, and is no longer covered with duſt. The ſuppoſed Temple of Veſta at Rome, on the Tiber, as well as the neighbouring one of *Fortuna Virilis*, will be cleared of the rubbiſh in which they have been as it were buried; and the interior of them will be cleanſed. Thus by the exertions of his Holineſs, ancient Rome will be expoſed to view, and modern Rome will be embelliſhed. Nor has the Holy Father forgotten the moſt celebrated of the modern buildings, the ſmall circular temple erected in 1502, after the deſigns of the illuſtrious Bramante Lazzeri, under the auſpices of Ferdinand the Catholick King of Spain. It fell into ruins ſome years ſince, not from age, but in conſequence of the late troubles. It was ſold, in order that its precious materials might be removed: but his holineſs has reſolved to repair it in a ſtyle of great elegance. In a ſhort time M. Carlo Fea will ſpeak of all theſe new undertakings in the ſecond volume of Miſcellanies, which he has particularly devoted to what relates to the reſearches now carrying on, excluſive of what will be ſaid in his Illuſtrations of Deſgodetz.—M. Guattani will likewiſe treat of them in a new journal which M. Carlo Fea is about to undertake. The former gentleman is at preſent engaged on the Sequel to the Unpubliſhed Monuments, in which will be found many intereſting particulars. The Muſeum of the illuſtrious Cardinal Borgia has paſſed into hands by which it will not be neglected. His nephew, the preſent poſſeſſor, is a man of information, and has a deep ſenſe of the glory which the Cardinal acquired for his family by this unique collection. He continues the engravings which his uncle intended to have executed from drawings of the moſt remarkable objects in the Muſeum. He has communicated the Mexican Manuſcript to M. Alexander von Humboldt, and has permitted him to make uſe of it for his work: but he is thwarted in his noble deſigns by the pretenſions of the *Propaganda*. The Cardinal made that ſociety his heir, but bequeathed the Muſeum and other legacies to his family. He unfortunately made uſe of the expreſſion, "My Muſeum which is at Velletri;" and the *Propaganda* claim a right to every thing that happened to be at Rome at the moment of the Cardinal's death, though the articles inconteſtibly formed part of the Muſeum.—By a ſecond fatality the Coptic inſtruments, for which M. Zoega has juſt completed the deſcription, were among the objects that had been brought to Rome. This important work cannot therefore be publiſhed till after the deciſion of the proceſs, unleſs the two parties come to a previous arrangement.—Two learned Sicilians, the Chevaliers Landolini and Serrini, have reſided for ſome time at Rome. The former, who has already evinced ſuch zeal for the antiquities of his country, is ſtill engaged in reſearches at the Theatre of Syracuſe; and we are indebted to him for the recent diſcovery of two fine ſtatues,

an Æſculapius and a Venus, which, however, are not ſo beautiful as has been aſſerted. He is at this moment writing a Memoir on ſome inſcriptions found at the Theatre of Syracuſe. The Chevaliar Sirini is endeavouring to diſpoſe of his collection of volcanick productions, and is preparing for a tour in the north"

M. LARTIGUE has at length completed a large and beautiful map of America in relief. The mountains, iſlands, and the tints of the ſea, are all exhibited in a manner moſt capable of intereſting thoſe who make geography their ſtudy.

Rev. Iſrael Worſley, who has lately eſcaped from France, is about to publiſh in one volume, ſmall octavo, an Account of the State of France and its Government during the laſt Three Years, particularly as it has Relation to the Belgic Provinces and the Treatment of the Engliſh.

Mr. Duppa has in the preſs, and will publiſh early in the ſpring, a life of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, compriſing his character as a poet, painter, ſculptor, and architect.

Mr. Bigland has in the preſs, and nearly ready for publication, Letters on Natural Hiſtory. The object of this work is to exhibit the view of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Deity, ſo eminently diſplayed in the formation of the univerſe, and the various relations of utility which inferiour beings have to the human ſpecies. It is calculated particularly for the uſe of ſchools, and for youth in general of both ſexes, and will be illuſtrated by upwards one hundred engraved ſubjects. The ſame writer has recently publiſhed a ſecond edition of his Letters on Ancient and Modern Hiſtory, in octavo, which forms a handſome library-book, with an elegant engraving of the author.

A variety of Lives of Lord Nelſon have been announced, from the price of ſixpence to one hundred guineas. The three moſt conſiderable are, that by Meſſrs. ARTHUR and CLARKE, and that under the patronage of the new Earl, and another from the houſe of Mr. BOWYER of Pall Mall. Each of them claims the recommendation of original materials; and as far as the ſubject itſelf is ſuſceptible of novelty of illuſtration, they all appear to be entitled to the patronage of the publick.

A moſt valuable collection of Eaſtern MSS., the property of Major Ouſeley, brother of Sir William Ouſeley, was brought to England by the laſt Bengal fleet. The number of Arabic, Perſian, and Sanſcript books, amounts to nearly fifteen thouſand volumes. Beſides theſe there are vaſt collections of natural hiſtory and mineralogy, and a great many botanical paintings executed in the moſt accurate manner. The quantity of additional curioſities and monuments is very great. There are many portfolios of immenſe ſize, containing mythological paintings of great antiquity, ſplendidly illuminated, and collected from all parts of Hindoſtan, from Thibet, Tartary, China, Ceylon, Ava, &c. To theſe are added ſeveral idols of ſtone, metal, wood, and other materials. There is alſo a cabinet of the moſt rare medals, gems, and other antiques. The treaſure is ſtill farther enriched with a complete ſeries of the coins ſtruck by Mahometan princes ſince the reign of Timour, and with ſpecimens of armour, horſe furniture, ſwords, ſpears, bows and arrows, and all the weapons uſed in Perſia, India, and other countries of the Eaſt. The Major has alſo executed, on the ſpot, in various parts of India, original drawings. He has alſo brought home muſical inſtruments, and ſeveral hundred tunes ſet to muſick by himſelf, from the voice of Perſian, Caſhmerian, and Indian ſingers. The ſituation of Major Ouſeley, as Aid-de-Camp to the Nabob of Oude, gave him great advantages for procuring ſuch commodities; and his acquiſitions, added to thoſe of his brother, Sir W. Ouſeley, who already poſſeſſes eight hundred Arabic, Perſian, and Turkiſh MSS., will form a more ſplendid collection than any that is poſſeſſed in Europe.

Mr. Kidd propoſes to publiſh a new edition of Homer, with collations of many manuſcripts never before examined.

One of the moſt intimate friends of Winkelmann, the celebrated German antiquary, named Berendis, lately deceaſed, left among his papers ſeveral letters of that celebrated man. Theſe have been publiſhed by Göthe, who has added various pieces of his own compoſition, in which he endeavours to place the character of Winkelmann in a new light as a writer and as a man, by delineating him in the moſt remarkable circumſtances of his life. Counſeller Wolfe, of Halle, has enriched this volume with a very curious piece on the literary and philological ſtudies of Winkelmann. Laſtly, profeſſor Meyer has contributed a well written Hiſtory of the Arts in the laſt Century, which concludes the work, to

which Göthe has thought fit to give the title of " Winkelmann and his Age."

M. Schonberger, of Vienna, one of the firſt landſcape-painters of the age, has recently been engaged in a tour of the moſt pictureſque parts of Switzerland and Italy. His productions are principally diſtinguiſhed for the happy arrangement of the objects, for the effects of the perſpective, and the beauty of the colouring. This able artiſt is as well known in France as in Germany, by his beautiful pieces, in the exhibition of 1804. Theſe were, a View of the Environs of Baiæ, near Naples, at ſun-riſe; the fall of the Rhine, near Schaffhauſen; and the Caſcades of Tivoli, by moonlight: performances in which the touch and the native graces of Claude le Lorain were diſcoverable.

A new and complete edition of the Works of the celebrated Franklin will ſpeedily make its appearance in England. It will embrace not only all that is contained in former editions, but likewiſe much new matter tranſmitted expreſsly for the work from America, Beſide a correct likeneſs of the venerable philoſopher, it will contain eight engravings of ſcientifick ſubjects, executed by Mr. Lowry.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES,

From March 20 to April 20.

THE weather during the latter part of March was cold and tempeſtuous. The winds moſt commonly north-eaſterly, and often accompanied with ſnow. The commencement of April brought milder weather and ſome eaſt winds. Afterward the wintry north-weſt returned, and prevailed to the end of the month. On the whole, the eaſt wind has exiſted leſs frequently than uſual, and the weather has been colder.

An epidemic catarrh attended with ſevere febrile ſymptoms, of ſhort duration, has been quite common. Slight inflammatory affections of the throat, and violent ones of the lungs, have appeared; and rheumatiſm has occaſionally occurred.

Toward the cloſe of March an uncommon diſeaſe appeared at Medfield, the ſymptoms of which we ſhall record with as much accuracy, as our information will admit. Any thing further on this ſubject will be received with pleaſure from thoſe, who have ſeen the diſeaſe. It is ſaid that one or two caſes of the ſame nature appeared in Boſton. The ſubjects were children between the ages of eighteen months and two years. Thoſe, who could explain their feelings, ſaid they were attacked with a numbneſs in one arm, ſucceeded by violent pain in the head, nauſea and vomiting, throbbing of the carotid arteries, and redneſs of the eyes. In ſome of the caſes, there was great pain in the ſtomach and bowels, back, and limbs. The tongue was white, the pulſe, in this ſtage, very hard and quick. After theſe actions had continued a few hours, they gradually ſubſided. The arterial action eſpecially became very feeble, ſo that the pulſe in the wriſt could ſcarcely be felt; though the vibration of the carotids ſtill appeared. Slight ſpaſms took place in ſome inſtances. Petechiæ appeared on various parts of the body. At laſt the vital and morbid actions diſappeared one after the other, the pulſe became imperceptible, a deathlike torpor ſucceeded and laſted ſome hours, after which the patient ſunk into the arms of death. The duration of the diſeaſe was generally from 18 to 36 hours. Of eight or nine patients affected, only one recovered, though the moſt active practice was employed. Inſpection of the bodies of 4 of the diſeaſed diſcovered nothing very remarkable. The veſſels of the brain and its membranes, eſpecially the pia mater, were ſomewhat turgid with blood; the ſtomach and inteſtinal canal ſlightly inflamed. Medfield is a village 18 miles from Boſton. It contains 800 inhabitants, and is conſidered healthful. In the laſt autumn, many caſes occurred of the autumnal fever, but it was not unuſually fatal. No peculiar local cauſe has been detected, which can poſſibly be conſidered the ſource of this diſeaſe. The patients were within a ſpace of two miles; but there was no reaſon to think the diſeaſe was communicated from one to another. In one inſtance, two of the affected were of the ſame family. We have related the facts, and leave others to ſpeculate upon them.

The appearance of *ſmall pox*, in this town and a neighbouring one, during this month, has produced a large number of caſes of vaccination; ſo that there is ſcarcely a phyſician in town, who has not, at preſent, ſome patients with the diſeaſe.